

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1567.

London, July 8, 1931

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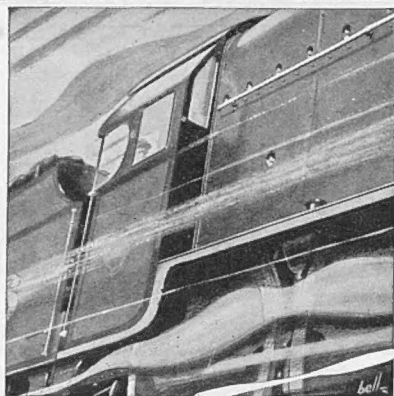
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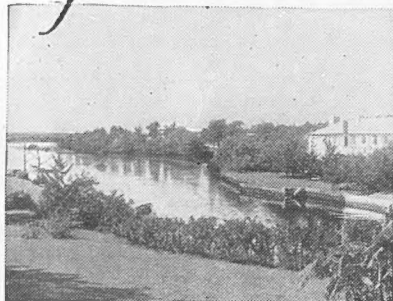
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# The TATTLER

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VISCOUNT LASCELLES AND THE HON. GEORGE LASCELLES  
AT THE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE GARDEN PARTY

The Marlborough House Children's Garden Party last week was well supplied with all the things which usually make that kind of entertainment a success, including, as will be seen, one of always the most popular turns. There was also a revival of the thrilling drama of the home life of Mr. Punch, and it drew packed houses at every performance, a healthy sign in these times, when it is not every thriller that proves a draw. H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, and the Earl of Harewood's two boys were liberal patrons of everything that was going forward. Lord Lascelles was born in 1923, and his brother a year later



# The Letters of Eve



A VISIT TO THE HOUSE: MR. JACK HAYES, M.P., MR. GEORGE ARLISS, MISS PADDY NAISMITH, MRS. ARLISS, AND MR. DERWENT HALL CAINE, M.P.

A little personally conducted tour of the Houses of Parliament last week, the cicerones being Mr. Jack Hayes, who is Vice-Chamberlain of H.M. Household, and Mr. Derwent Hall Caine, the Labour member for the Everton Division. Mr. George Arliss, of course, needs no introduction to anyone who has ever heard of the theatre

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.  
**A**T last, my dear, I know the inner meaning of that elegant phrase, "getting it in the neck." What with "that's Shields that was" at Wimbledon, and the tour de Air Force, my trapezii muscles are well exercised, thank you.

As we craned upwards at Hendon to watch the amazing antics of the R.A.F. in the sunburnt sky, I envied the "why get up at all" attitude of people posed in deck chairs on the tops of their cars. Memo: must remember to take it lying down next year.

As usual our eyes bulged with apprehensive admiration. They seem to do it all with such contemptuous ease, and it was too enchanting when three little scarlet Moths, breathing out streamers of different coloured smoke, produced the Prince of Wales' feathers in the sky and also plaited a pigtail for our benefit.

In spite of the blazing heat many people were hatless. Miss Diana Coventry, for instance, was carrying hers in her hand as she walked about arm-in-arm with Lady Patricia Moore.

I wonder what the foreign military attachés thought of it all? There were lots of them there, and most of the flying people, of course: the brothers Salmond, the Duchess of Bedford, Sir Malcolm Campbell and so on. Lady Campbell was perfectly cool in white, and while we were waiting for the Duke of Gloucester to make a bolt from the blue I



THE HON. JUDITH DENMAN AND MR. WALTER RAYMOND BURRELL

At Wimbledon last week. The Hon. Judith Denman's engagement to Sir Merrick Burrell's son and heir was announced recently. The Hon. Judith Denman is Lord and Lady Denman's only daughter



Lassalle

THE HON. LADY MACNAGHTEN

Lady Macnaghten, who is a soprano of much distinction, is giving a recital at the Wigmore Hall on Monday next, July 13, and a most attractive programme has been arranged for this occasion. Lady Macnaghten is the wife of the Hon. Sir Fergus Macnaghten

saw his equerry, Captain Howard Kerr, talking to that entertaining couple, Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch. Mrs. Lynch was wearing blue-flowered chiffon and a shady blue hat, a most pleasant sight.

The Prime Minister had daughter Ishbel in waiting, and other observers included the Maharajah of Burdwan and Lady Jean Mackintosh.

If it hadn't been for Lennox Gardens I don't believe I should have escaped from Mrs. Everard Martin-Smith's dance with my life. Popularity becomes a menace when it prevents other people breathing, and there were moments when I wished that this genial family hadn't so many friends. Our amateur golf champion was one lion of the evening, and I am forced to admit I never got within "hand shot" of my hostess. She had borrowed Mitford House from Lady Sybil Smith, and although the black and gold lacquer drawing-room is some size, it wasn't nearly adequate. Apropos Lennox Gardens, it is a waggish gardener who ropes off bits of lawn without warning, and what the lady said cannot be published.

Lady Mary Strickland was a vision in white, Mr. John Foster brought his brains—which are considerable—he being a brilliant young barrister, and Mr. John Bingham and Mr. Teddy Jessel contributed to the evening's entertainment according to their lights.

My taxi-driver, clearly a student of night-life, was anxious to know if the



crush within the house equalled that which overflowed into the garden—if so, he thought the party must have been unbearable!

One very proud member of this fraternity has already had his invitation to a forthcoming wedding of importance, the engagement of Mr. Rupert Mitford and Mrs. Henry Lane Eno having occurred in his cab at 2 a.m.

It was a nice idea, don't you agree, that they should have thus rewarded his tact and discretion, and he naturally thinks them more than fare. (Sorry.)

Mrs. Lane Eno is particularly charming and very pretty; a great friend of the Sutherlands and Londonderrys. Lady Londonderry spent her childhood at Dunrobin, hence the almost inevitable mutuality of friends.

You know, nowadays, in spite of depression, beauty parlours are in the ascendant, likewise faces, which are taken into



Howard Barrett  
THE HON. JAMES HOWARD AND THE  
HON. MOUNTJOY FANE AT THE  
COTTESMORE PUPPY SHOW

The Hon. James Howard is an uncle of Lord Suffolk, and the Hon. Mountjoy Fane is a brother of Lord Westmorland. The incoming Master of the Cottesmore is Mr. Hilton Green from the Meynell, who is intending to hunt hounds himself. During Mr. James Baird's mastership he and James Welch bred a really good pack of hounds. Mr. Baird was Master from 1921 to last season

arranged and broken through people losing their heads whilst saving their faces, if you know what I mean.

Lady Bridget Poulett was one name which caught my ear as a likely candidate for future announcements. More I shall not tell you at the moment.

It really is marvellous how generous artists are when it comes to giving their valuable services to charity. No cause is a losing one which claims their attention, and the harder they work the more willing they seem to be.

Miss Ruth Draper is a shining example of such benevolence, and she was at her best when the Queen came to the matinée in aid of East-end Hostels. Garden lovers have a slight grudge against Miss Draper, for never again can they let themselves go without plagiarising her! And as to "Opening a Bazaar," Lady

Anyway, I hear that Lord Castlerosse has promised his a lift one day.

These haunts are, of course, most fruitful soil for gossip. There is something about a cubicle which loosens the tongue, and, my dear, the news which floats over the partitions! Marriages

Stafford told me it had made her quite lose her nerve at this common task.

Her Majesty looked lovely in mauve and pink brocade. How well the presentation bouquet of carnations toned in; but I can't think that the patronesses who figured so lavishly on the prospectus had followed up their good intentions, for the audience was, with a few exceptions, definitely drab.

A "water party"—doesn't that sound delicious? As given by Lady Desborough at Taplow it certainly was. The weather was kind; hot enough to sit about if you didn't want to play tennis. Then when you had, there was bathing of the most agreeable kind—no wetter than



AT ROEHAMPTON: THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER  
AND LADY WAVERTREE

At the All-England Lawn Tennis championships last week. Most roads led to Wimbledon, but some of them also to Roehampton. The Hon. F. M. B. Fisher is the winner of over fifty British and French lawn tennis championships since 1918, and he is a Director of the Dunlop Sports Company. Lady Wavertree is also, as everyone knows, a great enthusiast

you wanted to be—and Lady Gage to look at as she swam. She is one of the most expert divers and a joy to behold. Her incorrigible curls, too, are the despair of those who must take the permanent way. And so back to London, late for dinner but full of fresh air and exercise.

A rather longer journey's end had the Quorn puppy show as its good reason. All the hounds too sweet for words, whether prize winners or not, and such a flow of wit in the after-luncheon speeches. A fine entry of farmers, and Major Algy Burnaby's oratory quite splendid and so amusing.

The Duke of Beaufort was judging; he is never happy away from hounds for long. The Duchess came too, looking awfully well in strawberry colour. Then Major and Mrs. Lascelles had travelled down from Yorkshire, and Captain Otho Paget

(Continued overleaf)



Irish Open Golf Championship: MISS DOROTHY PIM,  
THE HON. WILLIAM TAYLOUR, THE HON. VERENA  
MAXWELL, AND LORD DUNLEATH

A group of the mixed foursomes at the annual meeting at the Headfort links at Kells. Miss Pim, the Irish Internationalist, defeated Miss Diana Fishwick in the recent Open Championship at Portmarnock. Lord William Taylour is the younger son of Lord and Lady Headfort. The Hon. Verena Maxwell is a daughter of Lord and Lady Farnham. Lord Dunleath recently succeeded to the title on the death of his father



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

gave us a lively account of hunting in the old days; he walked puppies for Mr. Coupland in the 'seventies.

Lady Belper and Lady Harrington were there, and naturally Mrs. Burnaby and Lady Nutting. Altogether a charming day, and it is comforting to know that so much goodwill exists in the country, when unrest is so often rumoured.

Great birthday doings down in the Forest when Lady Mary Grosvenor came of age. London makes no appeal to Constance Duchess of Westminster's younger daughter; she much prefers Malwood, where she has plenty of horses and

dogs to amuse her, and later on she joins her father in Scotland for fishing.

Lady Mary chose a highly original twenty-first birthday present from her mother, i.e. the re-trimming of her bedroom in super modern style, with furniture to match. Talking of



FRAÜLEIN KRAHWINKEL (GERMANY)  
AND MISS HELEN JACOBS (U.S.A.)

Just before the semi-final battle which, like the other one, resulted in a German girl going into the final of the Women's Singles at Wimbledon. This is the first time it has happened in Wimbledon's history. Fräulein Krahwinkel beat Miss Helen Jacobs 10-8, 0-6, 6-4. The German's little breather in the middle set was a clever bit of strategy

presents, when Mr. Edgar Barker married Miss Longsdon, his sister had the admirable idea of giving him three complete sets of horse-clothing, day rugs, night ditto, bandages, hoods, and so forth. A large boot-jack was another sensible offering and unique in its way, for it had the date of the wedding painted on the handle.

I have a bit of Irish news for you this week, and that is that all the unmarried daughters of Co. Kildare are ordering new frocks now that Captain Denis Daly has bought Rusboro. This perfect Adam house was once one of Ireland's show places, and hopes run high that some of the splendours of bygone days may be revived.

Rusboro used to belong to the Milltowns, relations, I believe, of the new owner. After the death of the last Lord Milltown—he was quite marvellous across

a country, by the way, though he had no legs—the property ultimately passed to the Yorkshire Turtons. They offered it to the Free State Government as a potential Chequers, but it was refused.

Another bachelor who proposes going to Kildare for the winter is charming Captain Arthur Eddis, but his wants, I hear, are more modest. He is looking for a two-roomed cottage, with a little fishing and rough shooting.

Lots of people, I'm told, at Miss Joan Watkins' wedding to Mr. de Uphaugh. She is a very pretty girl with a weakness for acting in amateur theatricals, particularly with the Holm-patricks. They came to see her married and lent their daughter as bridesmaid.

The ceremony was at Navan and the reception at Captain and Mrs. Eccles' home, Dunderry Park. Mrs. Eccles is one of the famous Locke sisters. She and Mrs. "Rogue" Hope-Johnson can show anyone the way in a hunt, and their mother was even better in her day.

The last night of the Ballet was rather fine. We had *Petrouchka* and *The Gods Go A-Begging*, with Sir Thomas Beecham and Eugene Goossens taking turns to conduct. Felia Doubrovska, enchanting person, got a mass of bouquets. We went on with her afterwards to a party at the Malmaison, and as the flower show came too, our entrance, as you may imagine, created a small stir.

Doubrovska had changed into a very simple white satin frock and a little red coat and danced with surprising spirit considering the steps she had already taken to entertain us. Lady Brownlow looked as pretty as anyone, though fearfully delicate I thought.

A glorious hot evening, trees beneath a glowing moon, quiet lights and dancing in a ballroom with wide open windows sounds too good to be possible, but was true of Hurlingham last Wednesday, when one of the Club's good dinner dances took place.

Country people would much sooner give a party here, it seems, than in a hot London house, and groups of neighbours were making merry together: one from Cheshire, another from Yorkshire, and Major and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, at least, from the West. After a day of great polo activity many of the players brought parties. Colonel Vivian Lockett, not long back from Egypt, had been playing for England against Ireland during the afternoon. Colonel Melvill and Mr. Desmond Miller were others who were going well.

Are X-ray frocks coming into fashion? They seemed to be at Hurlingham, at any rate as seen from outside the windows. Most illuminating, I can assure you.

Do you know what happened to the girl who wore cotton stockings? Nothing.—Love, EVE.

## A Correction.

In our issue of July 1 last we stated that Lord Milton and Miss Ruth Garrard were engaged to be married. We are informed that there is no truth in the statement, and we wish to express our deep regret for any trouble and annoyance which have been caused thereby.



FRAÜLEIN CILLY AUSSEM AND MME. MATHIEU

Fräulein Aussem, who is Germany's champion, and also won the Championship of France in a field which included Señorita de Alvarez and Miss Betty Nuthall, beat the French crack lady player 6-0, 2-6, 6-4, and many who saw the match believed she could have won sooner if she had maintained the forcing game she showed us in the first set. She and Fräulein Krahwinkel were thus left in the final

The following result has come to hand regarding our Flying Competition at Nottingham: Winner—Mr. J. R. Neep, Sutton-on-Trent, Notts. Another result will be found on p. xiv, but the above came to hand too late to be included on that page.



## A SLICE OF REALISM

"Late Night Final"



MR. JOHN GORDON (PHILIP) AND MISS ROSEMARY AMES (JENNY)



MISS CAROL GOODNER (THE SECRETARY) AND  
MR. RAYMOND MASSEY



MISS PEGGIE BAULCH (TRIXIE) AND MISS POLLY LUCE (PEARL)



MR. RAYMOND MASSEY  
AS THE VIL-  
LAINOUS EDITOR

Mr. Louis Weitzenkorn's play, which is drawing so many people to the Phoenix Theatre, does not even begin to pretend to tell a pretty story. Very much the reverse, for it presents us with a particularly revolting one, which, let us hope, is not 'drawn from life. It tells how Randall, the editor of a tabloid American newspaper, rakes up an old scandal about a murder on the eve of the wedding of the daughter (Jenny) of the lady who had been mixed up in it. The mother poisons herself; her husband throws himself under a lorry; and the daughter goes to the editor with a pistol in her bag to ask him why he killed her mother. Even the editor's private secretary turns on him and says: "You let this lousy rag seduce you with a lot of money," and also many other things about himself and his ways. The editor, we are led to believe, is contrite—only after all the harm has been done. Let us repeat that we hope it is not all from life

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



# The Cinema : Tosh—and "Trilby"

By JAMES AGATE

RADIO Pictures have just presented me, doubtless in common with every other film critic, with an album setting forth their attractions for 1931-32. This is a magnificent affair of colossal size, colour, and letter-press which screams to be read. Unfortunately it shouts so loud that one can hardly hear a word it says. Let us, however, make the attempt. During the next twelve months "Radio Pictures is pledged to drain its reservoirs of resource and energy in making these attractions worthy its proud name and glorious heritage." It would perhaps be pernicky to object that a reservoir is something to be filled rather than drained. One is inclined to ask Radio Pictures, Ltd., how they are going to carry on in 1932-33 when all these reservoirs shall have been drained in the previous year. But let us go on. The volcanic *Bird of Paradise*, alleged incidentally to be Creation's Greatest Dramatic Property—shade of Sophocles, not to mention Shakespeare!—is to be marked by "Production Towering to a Scale Undreamed-of—Throwing Its Colossal Shadow Across the Screen's Gloried Achievements of the Past." *Frontier* will be "struck from the Soul of a Stalwart Race blazoned in Fire across the Screen." In this film "Fifty thousand Players and Supernumeraries pour in Tumultuous Avalanche through a Story Pitched to the Heart-beat of Onrushing America." In connection with this film I even note a certain breathlessness: "*Cim's* Stalwart Cavalcade Thunders Down Dakota Trails! Gold in the Black Hills—and a Hundred Thousand Burning Westward Trails to Wrest their Share from Grasping Nature . . . Man's Greed adding every Device of the Devil to the Perils of Wilderness . . . Boom Land and its Shrieking Drama Whirled in Monumental Pageantry across the Red Horizon of the West." *Marcheta* is a "breath-taking spectacle staged beneath the burnished skies of Old Madrid. High Passion storms through a Hippodrome of Blood and Sand, and in the Arena a Man draws Steel because Scarlet Lips command him." *Are These Our Children?* is a "Crushing Indictment of the forces of evil which have betrayed our children into the bondage of faithless gods and mad ideals." Then follows the cabalistic sentence: "Tie-ups with myriad agencies fighting in behalf of America's boys and girls." What this may mean I cannot even guess.

Concerning *Symphony of Six Million*, we read simply that "Fannie Hurst whose Pen Blessed the Screen with the Anguished Glory of *Humoresque* has waited a Decade to let down again the Flood Gates of her Almighty Genius." *Miracle City* "flashes to Creation's Ends a Radiance no Fabled Babylon Ever Caught the Glint of." *Glamour* shows the "Clash of the Multitude in Mad Scramble for God-Knows-What to toss at the Feet of Gilded Woman." *Every Girl* shows "girls on their own trying to think straight while the Music blares . . . living on Nerve and a Prayer. . . . Swapping Blows with Destiny in a Hall Bedroom—as the Party swings into High on the Floor Above." Need I go on? I regard this volume as the most imbecile and, using the word in its literary sense, vulgar compilation that has ever come to my hands.

The Fox Film Company has sent me a much more modest and reasonable booklet which I have read with interest. I have been interested to read, for example, that in America the weekly attendance at cinemas is estimated at 115,000,000! Here again is a passage whose sobriety commands our respectful attention:

It is generally recognized that the language of motion pictures like that of music, is universal; that their appeal is fundamental, and their patronage spontaneous. For a price within the means of rich and poor alike, the motion picture presents almost every conceivable form of entertainment. In times of prosperity picture-theatres are

attended because they present a breadth and scope of recreation and information which cannot be found elsewhere at any price. They are the surest and most accessible surcease from the monotonies of life. The price is so small that in times of depression the public can still afford to seek relief from its worries in a motion-picture theatre.

There is a further statement that—

most of the civilized peoples of the world have come to depend on the motion picture for their entertainment and for a large part of their news, information, and culture.

The word culture brings me up short, and I suggest that the Fox Film Company should beg, borrow, or steal the album issued by Radio Pictures, one glance at which will, I think, suggest that "culture" is hardly the right word.

I wonder whether anybody ever reads "Trilby" nowadays, and whether our Bright Young Things would not vote it "too utterly foul." This is one of the books which I have never dared to re-read. I did, however, look into it this afternoon for the purpose of checking some detail in the new Warner Brothers' film. The copy happened to be a cheap re-print, and fortunately without illustrations, since I know nothing in book-making more horrible than the vile modern illustrations to, say,

Dickens. In the case of "Trilby," illustrations other than those of du Maurier would be unthinkable. In my view, as commencing fogey, and judging from some few pages turned at random, the story has lost nothing whatever of its fragrance and its charm. It was always, and is still, a thing in itself. It is absurdly and nonsensically impossible, but it creates its own world in which that absurdity delights, and that nonsense justifies itself into sense. All du Maurier's characters are gentlemen, and it is because du Maurier was a man of gentle feeling that Trilby the model is, quite ridiculously of course, a lady who, because the fairy-tale wills it so, has declined from her estate. In the mind's eye I still see the drawing of Trilby singing at the concert, and behold she and Mrs. Ponsonbyde Tomkyns are sisters not only under their skins but in every breath that they draw and in every gesture that they make. Whether the

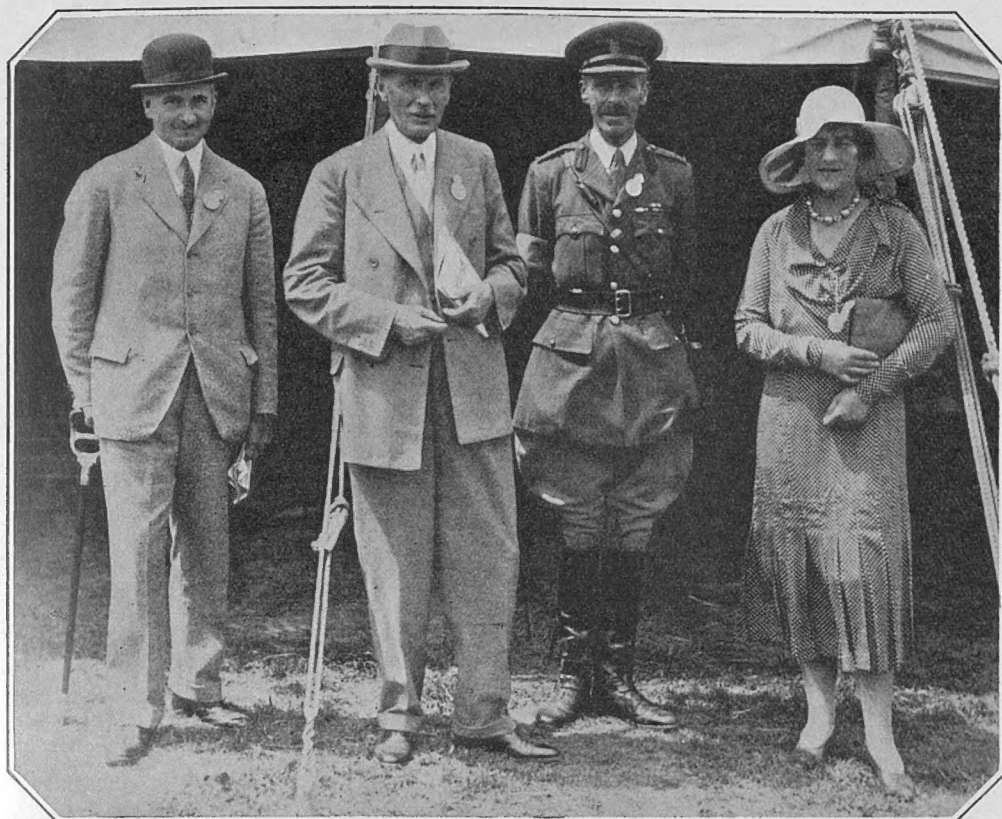
actress lives who could put *this* Trilby on the stage I do not know, since the art of portraying ladies has been lost. I confess to going to see the picture with some trepidation fearing to find the bedizened nitwit which is Hollywood's notion of such a phenomenon. Let me say at once that I was completely captivated by Miss Marian Marsh who is the prettiest child imaginable, acts pleasantly, and appears to be entirely unspoiled. She has not the power to suggest the trouble of mind and spirit which in the book makes Trilby so pathetic a figure, and perhaps one need hardly say that the film version, which is called *Svengali*, takes care to omit anything that there may be of depth in the story, and to present only as much of its bones as the "rubes" and "hayseeds" of the Middle West may be supposed capable of understanding. Let it be emphatically said, too, that Trilby and Svengali did not die together in a low music-hall in Cairo, and I can only attribute this falsification to Hollywood's quaint notion that no film can properly end in any other place. *Svengali* would have been an infinitely better picture, more moving and more dramatic, if it had followed the book and shown us Trilby recovering her voice at sight of the dead Svengali's portrait, to sing once more, and for the last time, the famous "Impromptu in A Flat." But in that case the thing would have been called *Trilby* and not *Svengali*—which, by the way, it ought to have been. In fact the change of name and intention annoyed me so much that if I were not an extremely conscientious critic, I should not say a word about Barrymore's performance. Grudgingly, therefore, I will simply say that this is a fine piece of playing by an actor who is never very far away from greatness.



MISS JEANNETTE MACDONALD AND MR. EDMUND LOWE

Two Fox Film stars who are in the successful film, "More Than a Kiss," which had its London première at the New Gallery Cinema a short time ago. Edmund Lowe was originally on the stage, and went into motion pictures in 1921





MAJOR NEWINGTON, GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, BRIGADIER W. T. HODGSON AND LADY HARINGTON



BROTHER AND SISTER

Mr. Victor Campbell, Cameron Highlanders, and Miss Irene Campbell are the son and daughter of General Sir David Campbell, who has just relinquished the Aldershot command. Sir David now goes to Malta as Governor in succession to General Sir John Du Cane

## AT ALDERSHOT

The Horse and Hound Show



BRIGADIER AND MRS. B. D. FISHER



MRS. GOSLING, MAJOR F. A. BROWNING, AND MISS ST. MAUR

The Aldershot Command Horse Show, which also includes a Hound Show well supported by neighbouring packs, took place last week, and provided many spectators with plenty to look at. General Sir Charles Harington, the new G.O.C.-in-C. at Aldershot, was formerly G.O.C.-in-C. at Quetta. His wife is an excellent musician, and her band, known as "Paddy's Own," gave concerts all over India. Brigadier Hodgson commands the 1st Cavalry Brigade, and Brigadier Fisher, an A.D.C. to the King, is on Sir Charles Harington's Staff

Photographs by Arthur Owen



GEN. SIR DAVID CAMPBELL





THE JULYS AT NEWMARKET: LADY BEATRICE FORBES AND LORD GRANARD

The Newmarket Julys, always one of the pleasantest fixtures in all the year, were run in the right kind of weather and with the right kind of racing to match. Lady Beatrice Forbes is Lord and Lady Granard's younger daughter

full of interest. To start with very small beer, Cantore was one of the unluckiest losers at the meeting. Badly drawn, his jockey appeared to be badly placed behind the others after the first hundred yards, a position he only escaped when the race was virtually over. It is well worth while following this one in selling races even if one has to wait till winter comes. Poor Harry Wragg was unshipped at the gate on Indian File, and presumably fell so heavily on his head that in charity nothing can be said of the race he rode. Overwaiting tactics can become childish instead of (Joe) Childlike.

Windybrae won the Wellington Handicap from start to finish in the manner the market suggested, but if Lone Isle hadn't swerved at the start he would have made a very much closer race of it.

Lord Glanely won a couple of races on the Saturday, the Robert de Litville with Grand Prince, and the Dominion two-year-old plate with Grand Style, who won as she liked. The list of these names seems inexhaustible, and the changes can always be rung by inversion, such as Rio Grande, Baby Grand, Upright Grande, Aintche Grand, and so on.

The June Rose Handicap gave Sherry a lucky winning mount on Brother-in-Law, who, it is said, apparently will not go for Fox, but was as much as Sherry could hold. A good many got back their Ascot losses over him, and with this, Windybrae, and Lichen, Beckhampton was a public benefactor. It must be mentioned *en passant* that this period of the year is the one chosen for removing almost the entire surface of the Kingston by-pass, and this coupled with the crazy-paving method of car-parking in vogue at Sandown, doesn't tend to improve the temper of the punter who has lost his stuff at a temperature of eighty odd in the shade.

Racing inside the ditch at Newmarket has so far been left intact for us, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the vandalistic idea of cutting down the shady belts of trees will not be proceeded with. These July meetings have become enormously popular of late years, possessing as they do an atmosphere and charm all their own. It is largely this charm that attracts, and not the programme, which on the first day includes a two-year-old selling plate, a three-year-old maiden plate, and an apprentice race, no fit fare to lure a man from London to stand in the blazing sun.

The keynote of dress at these meetings is comfort, and it is one of the few places where man's attire is varied to suit the

## RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

Racing at Brighton is all very bracing and a good excuse to spend a couple of days at the Metropole, but like the chamois the horses run from precipice to precipice and back again, and it was a relief to get to Sandown, where, as a backer's meeting, you could either do nothing right or nothing wrong, but whatever you did the sun shone, the weather was perfect, and the racing

weather or the taste of the wearer. Where else would you see a "straw boater" worn, white duck trousers cut like overalls, or a grey, soft hat like Mr. Rich's carried out in a *chemise d'armée* material?

As a general rule the July meetings go greatly in favour of backers, but on the first day not one single favourite won. The July Stakes was a disappointment for the great majority, and was a very odd race. With only six starters Blue Dust was left, Tarte Maison started slowly and was taken wide to race by herself, and Padishah, who was backed on the strength of his race at Ascot having given him experience, never raced at all. He is a beautiful grey colt and a grand goer, but he elected to run the first four furlongs sideways which gave him no chance against Riot from Beckhampton running straight forwards. This beautifully-bred colt had previously been a disappointment, having been beaten at Salisbury by an ex-plater of Wootton's and not in the hunt at Ascot, but he made no mistake in this race and undoubtedly can go.

It was sad to see the entire string of Colonel and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn come under the hammer at the sale paddocks. The wave of optimism due to Mr. Hoover came just in time for them, and the prices realized seemed far more than they could reasonably have hoped for. The second day's racing, barring the Duke of Cambridge Handicap, which resulted in as good a finish as one could wish to see, was on the dull side. The first winner, Some Pep—at 100 to 8—apparently more than cleared the air for one of our bravest and most consistent plungers, and Oratorium should have helped with the good work.

I am asked to state that on July 17 the Eclipse Ball will be held at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the Royal Veterinary College. There can be no question that veterinary science is a very, very long way behind medical science, largely due to lack of funds for research work, etc., and one knows oneself what a

tangle one is in to get a reliable vet. in a hurry. This is a worthy cause, not only from the animal's point of view but for one's own sake also, and anything that can be done to improve veterinary knowledge must react in favour of all horse, dog, or animal lovers. Tickets may be obtained from or donations sent to Miss Edith Dawkins, Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London. Mr. Munnings has given his 1931 Academy picture of the paddock at Epsom to be sold for the fund, a noble act on the artist's part.

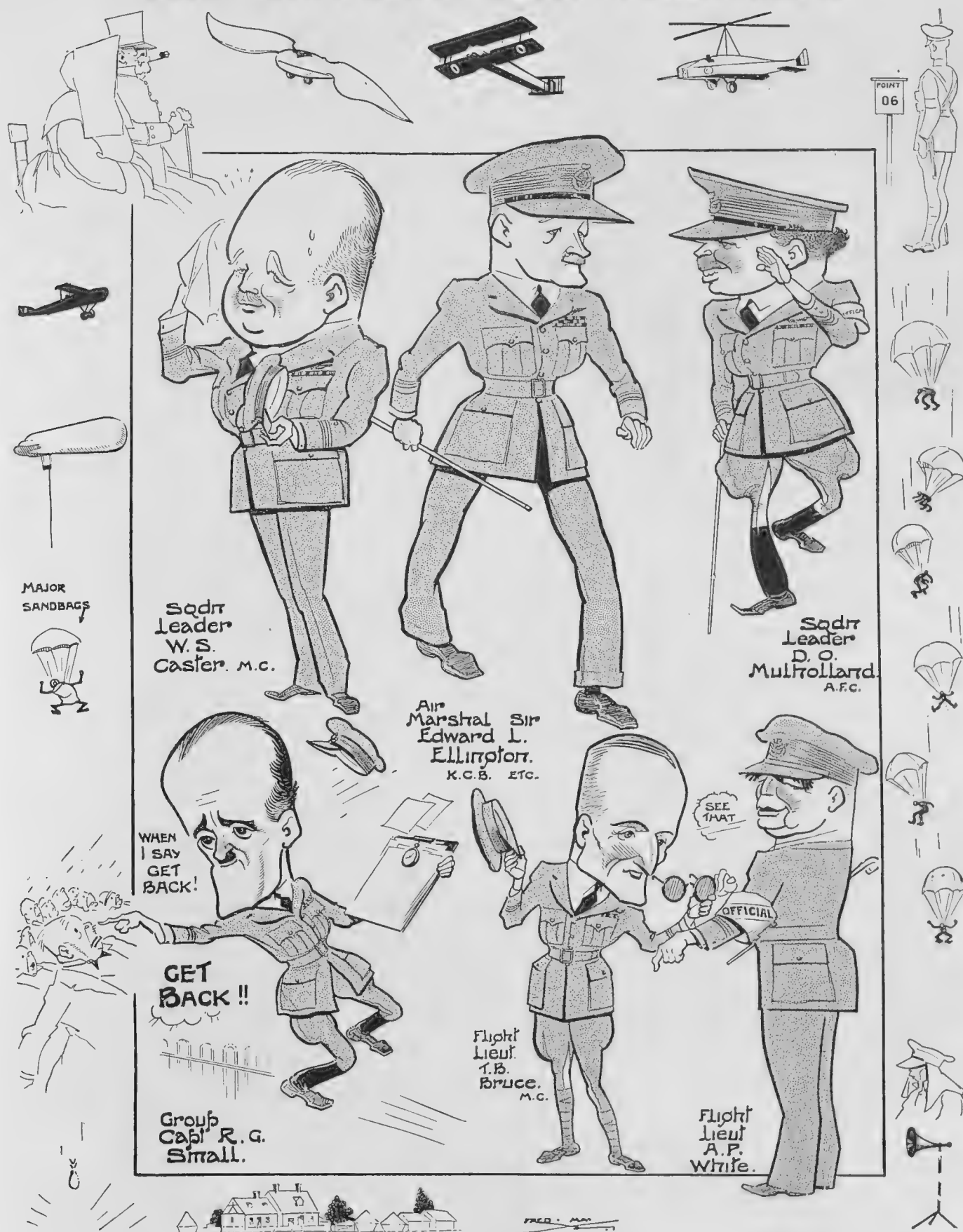


ALSO AT NEWMARKET: LORD ANCASTER AND LADY MAR AND KELLIE

This picture, like the one above, was taken on Princess of Wales' Stakes day on the July course behind the historic Ditch. The Recorder, who is one of Mr. J. A. Dewar's (Cameronian's owner), and Shell Transport dead-headed for it a short head in front of Pomme d'Api. Lord Ancaster is Lord Lieutenant of Rutlandshire, and Lady Mar and Kellie is a sister of Lord Shaftesbury



## THE HENDON AIR PAGEANT



## SOME OF THOSE WHO RAN THE SHOW—BY FRED MAY

We may be a fifth-rate air power compared to what we were when the "Cease-fire" sounded in 1918, when we were easily the strongest and best in the world, but no one who went to see what the R.A.F. can do would have come away with the idea that there was anything fifth-rate about the quality. At long last the Powers as Be have appreciated the danger of turning the other cheek and disarming when most other people are doing the very reverse, and it is quite possible that friend "Miles" and others have caused this to come about in view of the certainty of what will happen in the unhappy event of a next war fought upon the ultra-modern plan. Air-Marshal Sir Edward Ellington, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Air Defence of Great Britain, was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the really magnificent show at Hendon the other day. He is a gunner by trade, but has a marvellous brain for the terribly responsible job over which he presides





AT VILLEFRANCHE: THE HON. PATRICK BALFOUR AND MR. EVELYN WAUGH

Villefranche has been full of those who write for publication, and here are the Hon. Patrick Balfour, Lord Kinross' eldest son and heir, and Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the well-known young novelist, seeking a bit of inspiration diluted with ozone. The Hon. Patrick Balfour is a diligent paragraphist and first-nighter

#### The Female Bully.

THERE are quite a number of them about, aren't there? Though, happily, they are not all quite so "murdersome" as the heroine of Miss E. M. Delafield's new novel, "Challenge to Clarissa" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). Rather, the majority of them are simply devourers. Women who devour their husbands, their children, their servants, any poor defenceless person whose poverty lays them open to attack under some banner of salvation. Anything and anybody, in fact, who stands in the way of their selfishness and can succour their vanity. The women who demand extortionate rights while at the same time demanding extortionate privileges as women. Power they must have; power to destroy the liberty, individuality, the freedom of speech of others. Juggernauts on the domestic hearth. The curious thing about them, too, is that in spite of the misery they inflict, the positive hatred they arouse, very rarely do they find anybody brave enough to stand up to them and to deliver unto them that thrashing, verbal or physical, which they so richly deserve. They have neither conscience nor heart. You may see them everywhere and in all their variety. The wife who, because she is some unfortunate man's wife and because she is also a woman, robs him right and left of his money, his freedom, his peace-of-mind, giving nothing in exchange except that perfectly common right of any husband, and about which she makes so much fuss that she might have accorded him "heaven." Sometimes she even refuses him this privilege, but still goes on gaily spending his money, leaving his home, his private life, to take care of themselves. The dreadful mother who enslaves her children under the sublime belief that thereby she is a pattern to all mothers. The women who grab and give nothing; who turn servants into slaves; who hound down the less fortunate under the impression that they are saving them; who nag and gossip and create scandals; the women who must have the best of everything for themselves and who climb to the throne of complete self-satisfaction on the feelings and greater tolerance of others. And such a woman is Miss Delafield's Clarissa. Besides which she possesses that soul-vulgarity which so often seems to be the unenviable mental-development of the newly-rich. Her house, her money, her influence; she rammed this truth at every moment down the throat of the man whose divorce from his first wife she had deliberately financed, down the throat of her son whom she had brought up to be entirely dependent upon herself; down the throat of her unfortunate step-daughter-by-divorce, whom she had adopted in infancy with a great flourish of self-glorifying trumpets. She held the purse strings, thanks to her

## With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

first husband, and in the mind of the soul-vulgar money is the very first thing which ever begins to talk. Yet, she was a stupid woman, or perhaps Miss Delafield makes her more stupid than one imagines a woman of the Clarissa type would ever be. She believed that if she brought up her own son and the daughter of her husband by his divorced wife as actual brother and sister, they would grow up in that belief. But every reader of the book knew at the beginning that Sophie and Lucien would fall in love, and so they do. But what every reader would not guess, and even now I, myself, don't believe it, is that their marriage eventually got Clarissa's angry assent, because, even after many years of married life, she could still not endure the thought of quarrelling with that lump of handsome brainlessness who was her husband. Nor do I believe that such a lump of brainlessness would ever have dared to stand up to Clarissa, risking losing her and the allowance she gave him, for the paltry three hundred a year which Sophie's old grandmother promised him if he would take up the cause of the young lovers. However, although I don't quite believe in the plot, I do believe in every one of the characters. Miss Delafield's way of painting real people is almost uncanny. Her Clarissa is the perfect portrait of the female bully who feels and knows that she can brow-beat almost everyone on an income of twenty-thousand a year. She is hateful, but she is true. And Sophie's Russian grandmother is a perfect darling, yet equally life-like. Inconsequential, improvident, she is lovable and at the same time most amusing. In fact, they are the people one meets in Miss Delafield's new novel, which make it as good entertainment as you will find among any of the latest books. If you are interested in types and characters, and in dialogues which have wit and humour and yet remain remarkably natural, you won't be able to lay the novel aside once you have begun to read it.

\* \* \*

#### Holiday Books.

I write of holiday books with Spring dragging its wet and dreary way towards Summer. It seemed absurd to write of any such gay diversions with a wind howling outside and a fire burning brightly in the grate. Still, most of us will, I suppose, "get away" for a short period even though it be merely to sample that foretaste of Hell—namely, a wet day in a seaside lodging-house. This being the case, books will play an even more important part than they are presumed to do except on a long journey. Let me begin, then, at the gayest end. It is "By the Way" (Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.), by "Beachcomber" of "The Daily Express." He who does not know this writer's inimitable daily column in that popular newspaper knows not

(Continued on p. 54)



Swaabe

#### DOWN FOR A DUCAT!—IN HYDE PARK!

Susan Pelham, the lady who is down, the youngest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pelham, and Nicholas Bowen, Christopher and Billy Pease, who are the rescue party. The Hon. Mrs. Pelham is an aunt of Lord Avebury, who is sixteen, and Mr. Edward Pelham is a kinsman of the Earl of Chichester



## HER "TERTIUM QUID" ?

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



"'Er 'usband is away a good deal, as 'e's one of them newspaper co-respondents"



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

that each day may possess at least five minutes' respite from social drivel, murders, political unrest, unemployment, and the latest extravagance of our own spendthrift Government; all such depressing things, coming to us as they do at the day's most depressing meal—breakfast. "Beachcomber," however, is a wonderful antidote to that dismalness which alone is considered to be "news." So here, in his book, there are the "best bits" of his daily column bound together and illustrated most amusingly by Nicholas Bentley, and if any book may counteract the mental and moral effects of the English climate at its dreariest this one surely will. It is funny in the only really funny way—which is that, behind the ridicule and laughter, there is much sound criticism of men, women, and affairs and far more common sense than may be found in many a more "important" volume. To read it is to laugh much more rather than less for 383 pages; like finding all summer in a day. But you won't be amused by

Mrs. Norman Lee's novel, "A Woman—or What?" (Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.), which possesses an excellent idea and, even though the authoress does not quite carry it out to the best advantage, may nevertheless make a lot of readers interested and uncomfortable at the same time. The idea is that a certain doctor discovered a serum which so speeded up the pre-natal pace of evolution that an infant monkey evolved into an extremely beautiful girl. Unfortunately, the experiment didn't quite succeed far enough. Rosamund had a predilection to dance naked in public, while her moral code didn't exist, except as the negation of everything upon which nice girls are brought up. The doctor educated this beautiful "experiment" with his own son; the consequence being that when they grew up Rosamund conceived a violent physical passion for her foster-brother. He fled to Paris and, partly in order to escape her advances, became engaged to a nice, fair, domesticated creature called Nancy. Nevertheless, Rosamund still pursued him and, on the eve of his marriage, by means of a plot, trapped him into spending the night with her in her studio. By the next morning she had become his mistress. His engagement with Nancy is broken off, but only later does he learn the truth regarding Rosamund's origin. Immediately he leaves her in disgust, and she, like the little Mermaid of Andersen's lovely fairy-story, is heartbroken. Yet, in her love and in her sorrow she gains a human soul. The end is sad, but perhaps inevitable. The novel is not, however, written, nor constructed as well as it should be, if the fantastic idea behind it is to be made completely successful. Nevertheless, it is an original story, and the plot never once hangs fire. Which alone are great virtues, considering how the same old themes are hashed and re-hashed in the same old way, if not by the same old hands, too often. As for Miss Theodora Benson's new story, you must keep in mind its title, "Shallow Water" (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.), all the time you are reading it. Otherwise you will be inclined to regard it merely as the conversation of a party of pleasant "debs" discussing love, young men, and what they are going to do which they ought not

to do, but which really wouldn't much matter even if they did. The remarkable thing about it, however, is that it remains so consistently "shallow" without, so to speak, the pleasant trickle drying up. It babbles on and on, however, rather like a brook; and just as shallow, babbling water is rather nice to listen to, so the book lulls you into a half-happy state, as if you were overhearing a party of jolly young people exchanging confidences, who do not bother you to drag you into the conversation, though they are politely aware that you happen to be near by. The book has cleverness. The cleverness most noticeable when Miss Benson suggests that her young girls are only trying to be hard, because round about the early twenties to be "worldly" is to be considered "smart." As a matter of fact these young people, especially Fanny and Cecily Forrester and Alice Lynn, are quite innocent girls, never so innocent as when they believe they are being devastatingly worldly-wise. The best chapter of

all is called "An Old Friend," wherein Miss Benson happily suggests a minor heart-break while still keeping up the gay shallowness of the dialogue. This book is not exactly a novel at all; rather, a book in the procession following the famous "Dolly Dialogues." And by no means *too far behind* either.

\* \* \*

#### Glimpses at Life.

After the first story, entitled "A Change of Owners," included in Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's new volume of tales, "Far From My Home" (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.), which disappointed me, I became absorbed. One story especially, called "Annual Visit," haunts me even now. It is the story of some rich young vulgarians pitting their wealth and their youth against a poor faded relative who, having come down in the world, still clung to the memory of her former splendour, making her a pathetic snob. Poor Eva Prendergast, she was typical of the poor relation who still clings desperately on to the richer members of her family, since without them she is merely very poor and of less account

than a good cook. Yet these rich relatives despise her, ask her to stay with them only from a sense of hateful duty, and show all their thoughts of her only too plainly. Especially the young people break all decent bounds. Deliberately they seek to make the poor woman look a fool. Yet, when she escaped their last and final foolery, she simply went back to London once again to keep up the fetish of belonging to the wealthy. To repeat, this story haunts me still—its truth, its cruelty, and its pathos. This description, moreover, applies to nearly all the stories included in this book. Don't read it, however, all the way through at one sitting. Read one, or at most two, at a time.



Curate : Hiking ?

Cockney Gentleman : I should bloomin' well think so—h'in h'every limb ! "

#### UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

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BY RICHARD KING

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LADY MARY GROSVENOR'S COMING-OF-AGE HOUSE PARTY IN HAMPSHIRE

## SOCIAL DOINGS

There were great celebrations at Malwood, Constance Duchess of Westminster's home, when her younger daughter, Lady Mary Grosvenor, came of age. The cause of the party is seen in the above group together with her mother, her sister, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, her step-father Captain Lewis, her uncle Major Cornwallis-West, also Sir Theodore and Lady Brinckman, Don Pedro de Zulueta, Major McLean, Mr. Hanstock, Captain Osborne, and Mrs. Georgette Kirsch



AT THE QUORN PUPPY SHOW P. H. Adams

Above are (left to right) Lady Harrington, M.F.H., Mrs. A. E. Burnaby, Mrs. Colin Buist, Captain Robinson, and Major Cantrell-Hubbersty watching the judging of the Quorn puppies, an event of great social import in Leicestershire. At the subsequent luncheon many excellent speeches were made, that of Major Burnaby, Joint Master with Sir Harold Nutting, winning the prize for wit. When Lady Harrington is not hunting with her own hounds she often has a day with the Quorn. Captain "Hoby" Robinson is hunt secretary, and Major Cantrell-Hubbersty sometimes acts as extra Field-Master. He goes like a train and so does Mrs. Colin Buist. Mrs. Guy Paget (see right) is often prevailed on to open fêtes and did it very nicely at Welford. Later she judged a fancy dress competition. She and her husband live at Sulby Hall, near Rugby. Sir Stephen Bull succeeded his father, the late Sir William Bull, as second baronet in January



MISS CUNNINGHAME, MRS. PAGET, SIR STEPHEN BULL, AND MAJOR GUY PAGET AT THE WELFORD FÊTE IN AID OF LOCAL HOSPITALS Bale





THE OPENING OF THE NEW FLYING SCHOOL AT HAMBLE

The opening ceremony of this new flying school near Southampton, was performed by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who arrived from Tidworth in a Moth light aeroplane. The school is staffed by ex-officers of the R.A.F., and is run on the lines of a service station. In the group, left to right, are: Mr. J. D. Siddeley, Lord Amulree (Secretary of State for Air), Air-Marshal Sir John Higgins, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, and Captain Howard Kerr. Mr. J. D. Siddeley originated the idea of the school, and made a speech describing its aims and scope

## R.A.F. Display.

IT was the Duke of Gloucester who directed attention at the one truly significant and truly instructive aspect of the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon. He arrived by air, landing at Stag Lane, and he left by air. It was the clear-cut contrast between the freedom of the air and the bondage of the earth that must be regarded as the most important feature of the display for all who look beyond the trivial titillation of the senses produced by the spectacle as such. On the ground the visitors to the display moved with difficulty among 175,000 of their kind. Cars, at the end and the beginning, either crawled or stood still, fuming and smoking. Human beings and motor-cars, under the influence of a hot sun, as near as possible congealed into a solid mass; their movements were restricted not only by the fences and walls, but also by the other members of their own kind.

So exhausting was the process of earthly progression from place to place that those who are able to do so will regard this year's R.A.F. display primarily as a crowd to end crowds. For while this congestion existed on earth, there, a few feet above, were aircraft enjoying freedom of movement in three dimensions. They were coming and going without check, moving about in parties of anything from three to thirty with ease, and covering in two minutes distances which took the motor-cars below two hours if they were lucky. Never has there been so vivid an object lesson. It is true that, had all the spectators arrived at Hendon by air, there would have been as serious congestion on the aerodrome as there was round it; but it is one of the advantages of flying, from the selfish point of view, that it is at present for the few. One day there will be more private aeroplanes than there now are private motor-cars; so let as many as possible fly before that day arrives, and thereby at the same time hasten its coming and enjoy the

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRANCIS SHEL-  
MERDINE

The Director-General of Civil Aviation, who takes a great interest in private flying, and recently opened the new pavilion and club-house of the Reading Aero Club. Colonel Shelmerdine, who was formerly Director-General of Civil Aviation in India, succeeded the late Sir Sefton Branker in his present appointment

AIR  
EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

existing absence of aerial congestion. Let them, in other words, hasten the coming of aerial traffic congestion by avoiding it! Certainly there is no chance of serious aerial traffic congestion for many years, because the air's third dimension makes the air routes more difficult to fill up than the roads.

\* \* \*  
The Best Turns.

As a spectacle the display attained as high a standard as previous displays. From the pilot's point of view the best event was the aerobatics by Flight-Lieutenant Day and Flying Officer Bader in two Gamecocks. Never has there been such perfect timing and such *fluent* flying. And the proximity of the two aircraft during each manoeuvre lent an additional interest. The five Moths also

were good and, as one who did a good deal of inverted flying in his camel-days, I was struck by the long periods for which the machines were kept upside down. Have these pilots been fitted with auxiliary hearts or hæmatic blowers? Possibly Farnborough has evolved for the pilot a device performing the same sort of function as the cigarette-tin petrol tank performs for the engine.

For the lay spectators the best event was the parachute drop from the three Vimys. The pull-off was done at what looked like about 800 ft. or less, and the parachutists landed a few yards in front of the enclosures. It was one of the only two occasions when there was applause from the crowd, and the applause was loud and long. The two parachutists who collided as they were coming down, without apparently being at all worried about it, added the authentic thrill.

The other occasion on which there was applause was when Flight-Lieutenant Ryde in a Virginia was thrown into the air by the Farnborough catapult and instantly stood the Virginia on its tail and climbed so fast that he passed over the enclosures at about 2,000 ft. Rather unexpectedly, for the catapult was far from the enclosures, this event seemed to take the public fancy. Many non-flying spectators mentioned it to me, grouping it with the parachute drop and the attack on the balloon as the things they most enjoyed. There was no such unanimity about the flying spectators. Some of them liked one thing, some another. A distinguished French aeronautical expert was most struck by the formation flying, saying that they had nothing to compare with it in the French Service.

\* \* \*  
Air Service Training, Ltd.

The Duke of Gloucester not only flew to the display but he also flew down to Hamble, piloted by Squadron Leader Leslie, to open Air Service Training, Ltd. At the luncheon, which was presided over by Sir John Higgins, the Duke of Gloucester made

(Continued on p. xiv)





Few people can compete successfully in popularity with Lord and Lady Camden's daughter-in-law, who is well met wherever she goes. Lady Brecknock was exceedingly busy last month making all the best arrangements for the League of Mercy Ball, which took place on June 30 at the Dorchester. She was chairman of the committee, and it was largely owing to her personal efforts that everything went with such a satisfactory swing. Lord and Lady Brecknock have a house in Westbourne Street, but hunt in Leicestershire during the winter

The Countess of Brecknock

Paul Tanqueray



ART FOR ART'S SAKE

The pleasures—or should one say the penalties?—of Bohemianism are in one's friends. Cut by the county, Alan and Helen found solace in the bearded Claude from Chelsea (Mr. Alan Napier) and a bob-haired, broad-shouldered playwright (Miss Mignon O'Doherty), who wore hobnailed shoes with her gent's evening dress

### "Marry at Leisure."

THERE is something superbly static about that country-house lounge, which, as an opening gambit, writers of drawing-room comedy are seldom able to decline. "Act I. The Box-room of Lady X's house in the Country" sounds original, but is probably unworkable. There is no glamour in an empty suitcase, a spare bedstead, or a discarded rocking-horse, nor any reason why Lady A and family should be "discovered" in such prosaic surroundings.

Mr. Frank Vosper knows the rules of the game, and a game it is, this country house matrimonial business, and not, therefore,

to be taken seriously. The author's mission has been to build up a tidy vehicle of which Miss Marie Tempest shall occupy the box-seat. Mr.

Vosper as a craftsman has done better work, but his vehicle does its job. The wheels go round. The "theme" is this: that you can live happily with a woman for twenty years, but once you marry her and become respectable you will fight like cat and dog and end up in the Divorce Court. Mr. Vosper (says I) is no 100 per cent. advocate of



ALAN (MR. GRAHAM-BROWNE)

The eventual husband of the opposite number on this page, Helen, who after living in domesticated sin for years of peace and happiness, found things not so good when married

companionate marriage but merely a playwright with an eye to business. His moral is not "Live in sin and be happy," but "Be received by the county and take the consequences." Alan and Helen got married because Alan's drunken wife died conveniently at the very moment when his daughter, Marjorie, had engaged herself to the son of the local big-wigs. I am rather hazy about the laws of legitimacy, but Lord and Lady Challow and the rest of the county apparently took it for granted that everything was now O.K. Alan joined the local golf club, an impenetrable stronghold of snobbery; Helen, overwhelmed by respectability, became house-proud. She noticed bits of mud on the carpet. She nagged.

After so set-fair a sky as Act I presented, a gathering and a bursting of the storm-clouds could not be delayed. All the same I think Mr. Vosper might have given us more extensive evidence of that happy-go-luckiness which purported to pervade the maison Forbes during the pre-marriage era. Must we embrace a continual shortage of soda-water, a managing Nannie with tripe and onions as her culinary *chef-d'œuvre*, and the possession of two excessively quaint friends as conclusive evidence of the complete Bohemian?

Mr. Vosper gives us an amusing quarrel, the aftermath of a still more amusing dinner-party, which is a ghastly failure, and then, working up a divorce in double-quick time, one of those shady hotels where the required evidence can be procured for the price of a double-room. That Helen should arrive with the eccentric artist and Alan with the masculine authoress of plays featuring such episodes as dead babies on an Essex sewage-farm—both old friends and both doing it to oblige—is no more surprising than that the last scene should take us back to the lounge and reconciliation.

Miss Tempest, as usual, employs every artifice of her art to twist a gossamer affair and an adoring



HELEN (MISS MARIE TEMPEST)

Registering disapproval of Alan's becoming a golf maniac. Before their union was legalised by the Registrar, they were like two little turtle doves in the one nest—after it they did nothing but scrap





audience round her immaculate little finger, with Mr. W. Graham-Browne once more in husbandly support and subjection. Mr. Alan Napier is amusingly mannered as a Chelsea giant, and Miss Mignon O'Doherty's caricature of the mannish hoyden is effectively broad. Miss Clare Greet's homely Nannie comes straight out of the nursery; Miss Lola Duncan neatly nails the gossiping vicar's wife to the village pump; Miss Isobel Ohmead graciously epitomises whole counties full of Lady Challows; Mr. Marcus Barron's thumbnail of His Lordship has the instantaneous appeal which a white symmetrical moustache on a blank sunburnt face gives to Mr. Bateman's milder colonels; Miss Molly Lumley as a peroxide reception-clerk and Mr. George Carr as a waiter unaccustomed to week-end "traffic" briefly enliven the hotel scene.

"I LOVE YOU—  
YOU LOVE ME"

George Vollaire and Hella Kürty bridge the love-gap between Vienna and China

"The Land of  
Smiles."

The illness of Mr. Richard Tauber, after a first night which, even for Drury Lane, can truthfully be described

as a "wow," his return, followed by another retirement through throat trouble, and lately a further comeback, have conspired to delay the inclusion of *The Land of Smiles* in "The Passing Shows." Should this paragraph prove, after all, too belated, its appearance must attempt justification on sympathetic grounds. A management, who in engaging a remarkable individualist at a fabulous

salary have gallantly faced the insuperable difficulty of running a one-man show without the one man deserves commiseration; whilesingers of Mr. Tauber's quality are so rare that their spell-binding qualities clamour for respectful recognition.

The musical-play-goer knows by now all about the Tauber *pianissimos*, the Tauber idiosyncrasies, and the Tauber showmanship. It knows that as soon as this wizard of the tenor voice begins to sing everything else — stature, gestures, physical shortcomings, the fact that his duets are now English, now German — is forgotten, even the tedium of the leisurely story, which is *Madame Butterfly* through-the-looking-glass, and the absence of humour from the book. It does not seem to matter that the diminutive figure purporting to be a Chinese Prince has been making us feel as uncomfortable about the mannered

stiffness of his attitudes. When he begins to sing restiveness and ennui take flight; nothing else counts, only the superlative quality of a great tenor who is also a remarkable exploiter of his own personality and technique, and a great artist to boot.

Miss Renée Bullard is no actress, but her singing of the soprano rôle in Franz Lehar's polished and tuneful score sounds operatically excellent in a layman's ear. Miss Hella Kürty's study of Mi, the little Chinese girl, is brilliantly sung and acted. But without the Tauber magic *The Land of Smiles* would be a wilderness of regret.

"TRINCULO."



"YOUR HEART IS MY DELIGHT"

Mr. Richard Tauber singing the popular tit-bit of Franz Lehar's melodious score



"A CUP OF TEA WITH YOU, THAT LOVE HAS MADE FOR TWO"

Miss Renée Bullard (Viennese State Opera) duetting in English with Mr. Richard Tauber, who sings his part in German, a rare accomplishment for a Chinese prince!



LADY RUTHVEN WITH CAPTAIN A. E. EVANS.  
FLAG-CAPTAIN TO THE C.-IN-C. ATLANTIC FLEET



GARDEN-PARTY GUESTS

Left to right: Paymaster-Lieutenant Hogan, R.N., Lieutenant C. S. Watson, R.M., Miss Burges-Watson, Miss Pamela Halford, Miss Sheldon, and Lieut.-Commander Cowie, not forgetting "Baldwin," the mascot of H.M.S. "Nelson"

## At Government House, Guernsey

And on board  
H.M.S. "Nelson"



CAPTAIN BURGESS-WATSON  
AND MRS. CLAYTON-GREENE

The Captain of H.M.S. "Nelson" with one of his guests at the successful dance given on the flagship during its visit to Guernsey



REAR-ADMIRAL COLVIN  
AND COMMANDER CLAYTON



ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL HODGES, THE HON.  
JEAN HORE-RUTHVEN, AND MR. A. BELL

When H.M.S. "Nelson," the flagship of the Atlantic Fleet, visited Guernsey the Lieut.-Governor and Lady Ruthven gave a large garden-party at Government House in honour of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, the C.-in-C., and his officers. Rear-Admiral R. M. Colvin is his Chief of Staff, Captain A. E. Evans his Flag-Captain, and Captain F. Burges-Watson, whose daughter was at the garden-party, commands H.M.S. "Nelson." Commander Clayton is Flag-Lieutenant. The flagship returned the hospitality by inviting everybody to come aboard and dance. The Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven is Lord and Lady Ruthven's second daughter, and Mr. Arthur Bell was appointed Bailiff of Guernsey last year

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown



LORD RUTHVEN



# THE MESPOT AND PERSIA FORCE DINNER



LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR ARNOLD WILSON, THE RIGHT HON. SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, AND F.-M. SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PERCY COX, SIR ARTHUR HIRTZEL, AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR P. HOLLAND-PRYOR



THE REV. A. C. E. JARVIS AND LIEUT.-COLONEL STANLEY



MAJOR-GENERAL G. A. J. LESLIE, COLONEL NAWAB SIR UMAR HAYAT KHAN, AND LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WEBB GILLMAN



CAPTAIN SCOTT, SIR EDGAR 'BONHAM-CARTER, AND CAPTAIN THE HON. LEWIS PALMER



F.-M. SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HARRY BROOKING, AND THE RIGHT HON. LORD GREENWAY

A good many battles were fought over again at this quite notable reunion at the Hotel Victoria, at which the late C.-in-C. in India and the man everybody in Gallipoli, and even before, called "Birdie," was one of the most distinguished personalities. Sir Umar Hayat Khan's first taste of war was in Tibet in 1904; the Rev. A. C. E. Jarvis has been Chaplain to the Forces since 1925, and he served in Gallipoli, Salonika, Egypt, and Mespot, and got three mentions; Sir Arthur Hirtzel has been Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India since 1924; Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter was Judicial Adviser, Mesopotamia, 1919-21, amongst other things East of Suez; Sir Percy Cox was High Commissioner, Mespot, 1920-23; Sir Arnold Wilson knows Persia like the back of his hand and was on duty there as early as 1907, and was British Commissioner, Turco-Persian Frontier, 1914, and afterwards Political Resident, Persian Gulf; Sir Harry Brooking served in Mespot, 1915-18; and Lord Greenway is President of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. It will be seen, therefore, that only the shade of Omar Khayyam did not "warn in".

*Photographs by Sasha*



## SOME FASHIONS AT THE PARIS WATER FÊTE

MLLE. DE RAWVERA

MLLE. DUBOST

MLLE. DIANA

Some of the latest amphibian raiment which was on view at the recent Water Fête in Paris, which was held in aid of theatrical charities. Mlle. Rawvera is the clever dancer from the Opéra Comique and won the first prize for a "practical" bathing suit; Mlle. Dubost hails from the Bouffes Parisiens and is in a red jersey beach suit, and Mlle. Diana of the Marigny and the Théâtre de Paris is displaying the last thing in beach capes

**T**RÈS CHER,—It was before the War that we first applauded Madame Ida Rubinstein in Paris. She came to us from St. Petersburg, where she had known Serge de Diaghilew and Léon Bakst, and she appeared at the Châtelet with the first Imperial Russian Ballet Company—presented by Gabriel Astruc—that Paris had ever seen. This, unless I am greatly mistaken, was the season that brought to our astonished vision the chaste loveliness of Pawlowa in *Les Sylphides*, a ballet of poignant and melancholy beauty; the passionate and voluptuous *Spectre de la Rose*, with Nijinski and Karsavina; the Oriental pageantry of Scheherazade (of which I believe I know every note of music and every gesture, every performer and every costume), and also *Cléopâtre* of which I remember—nothing! Absolutely nothing except the sinuous body, the bare rose-tinted feet, the flexible arms and eloquent hands, and, above all, the pale face and anguish-laden eyes, under the strange coiffure of mist blue hair, of Cleopatra herself; the impression made by this figure is so dominant that it kills, in my memory, the souvenir of all else in the ballet.

Since then Madame Rubinstein has been the slim "Golden Archer" of d'Annunzio's *Martyre de Saint-Sebastien*, Oscar Wilde's "Salome," Emile Verhaeren and Déodat de Séverac's "Hélène de Sparte"; André Gide adapted for her Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, for which Florent Schmitt wrote the incidental music; the late Fernand Nozière dramatized Dostoevski's *l'Idiot* in her honour, and d'Annunzio, ever her faithful admirer, a few years ago wrote *La Pisanelle, ou la Mort parfumée*. These were plays, pageants, dramatized poems; then last year . . . or was it two years ago—she gave us her first ballet season at the Grand Opera with *Les Noces de Psyché*, for which Arthur Honegger most amazingly orchestrated Bach's music and *La Bien-Aimée*, for which Darius Milhaud no less astonishingly did the same for Schubert and Liszt! By this you will see that Madame Rubinstein is nothing if not catholic in her tastes and temptingly provides the purists with matter for discussion.

The man in the street is less interested in these discussions than by the fact that rumour has created a sort of mysterious legend about her. Her wonderful house in the Place des Etats-Unis, with its rose gardens, its marble atrium, its vast studio with its sloping floor built like a stage, is presumed to contain all the treasures of Golconda, and her existence there is imagined to be that of a Sybarite. On the

other hand it is well known that she has affronted all the perils of big game hunting, that she has undertaken adventuresome travels in the extreme Orient, that she has known the hardships of northern winters, and that when she is working to present such a spectacle as she has just given us at the Opéra, a twenty-four hour day is an all too short one. In every way she is a romantic, and perplexing, figure, with a very strong personality, as you will have discovered for yourself by the time this reaches you since she is to give her first performance in London on July 6. Her "box-office appeal" is enormous, and the other night the huge Opera House was crowded from *parterre* to *amphithéâtre*. Personally I prefer her as an actress and a mimet at her than as a dancer. She is too tall for the classic toe dancing, and her natural gestures are too graceful to be cramped by convention. I am glad you are seeing her in the *Martyre de Saint Sebastien*, in which her attitudes are particularly lovely and I think that you will find her rendering of *La Dame aux Camélias*, a rôle that she studied with Sarah Bernhardt, a very perfect interpretation.

This has been a busy week, Très Cher, with all the usual joys (?) of *la grande Semaine*; the weather has been gorgeous for the racing and the various evening fêtes at the Colonial Exhibition. There were one or two snags, of course, such as the fiasco of the banquet given by Les Amis de la France, for which the tickets cost a thousand francs per head. One expects something in the way of ginger ale and broken meats on a meal ticket that cost eight guineas, but through some mismanagement on the part of the organizers preparation was made for only three hundred guests and over seven hundred turned up. The late comers—amongst whom were the Philippe Berthelots—had a thin time of it, and the banquet degenerated into a very compact little *bagarre* long before the relays of entirely unsatisfying sandwiches began to appear. Dozens of disappointed guests returned to Paris in a famished condition.

Miss Elsa Maxwell's party given at Nicky de Gunsburg's lovely old house on the edge of the river in the Bois de Boulogne was a huge success. It was a fancy dress affair, the theme a country fête. Madame Fauchier-Magnan made a sensational entrance with her suite and a company of obstreperous goats (they were annoyed, I imagine, by the excessive washing to which they had been subjected) and gambolling kids! Madame Coco Chanel was a Russian peasant . . . —Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.





MISS CHILI BOURCHIER IN THE BIG "CARNIVAL" FILM

(Inset) MR. MATHESON LANG AS THE OTHELLO

Mr. Matheson Lang was in the stage production of this story, which retells Shakespeare's Othello and the jealousy of the actor who plays the Moor to his wife's Desdemona. This new British Dominion super-talkie, which is now being made at the Elstree Studios under the direction of Mr. Herbert Wilcox, faithfully follows the story in the play, and it is a very great advantage to have Mr. Matheson Lang in his original rôle. It is an all-star cast and, in addition to Miss Chili Bouchier as the heroine, includes Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, Mr. Kay Hammond, and others. The costumes and stage sets have been specially designed by Miss Doris Zinkeisen. The incidental music also has been specially composed

Photographs by Fred Daniels



MR. MATHESON LANG

# IN THE SWIM

## Amphibians at the Bath Club



COMPETING FOR THE "MAUDE NATHAN" CUP

The Hon. Brenda Pearson, Miss Sybil Cavendish, Miss Anne Faudel-Phillips, Miss Ann Waller, and Miss Brownie Woodburn were well in the picture when the Bath Club held its annual contests for feminine swimmers. The "Maude Nathan" Cup, for which junior subscribers between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one were eligible to compete, was won by Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton (see top right), with the Hon. Brenda Pearson and Lady Mary, St. Clair-Erskine second and third respectively



MISS PRISCILLA BADGEROW, LADY DIANA FINCH-HATTON, LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE, AND LADY DAPHNE FINCH-HATTON ALSO COMPETED FOR THE "MAUDE NATHAN" CUP



SEVEN ENTRIES FOR THE LADIES' CHALLENGE SHIELD

Left to right: Lady Alington, Miss Mary M. Evans, the Hon. Mrs. Fremantle, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, Miss Ivona Davies, Miss Joan Mortimer, and Miss Karen Harris. The Ladies' Challenge Shield provided a very good struggle. Lady Alington scored top marks, but Miss Karen Harris and Miss Mary Evans were not far behind. The "Rose Bowl" competition went to Miss Ivona Davies, and Miss Pamela Nathan (left) won the Ladies' Championship (for the second year in succession) by a margin of twenty marks. There were three judges, with Lord Desborough, who presented the awards, as referee



LORD DESBOROUGH PRESENTS MISS PAMELA NATHAN WITH THE CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY





MISS MADELEINE CARROLL

IN "AFTER ALL" AT THE CRITERION

*By Autori*

Miss Madeleine Carroll plays the part of Phyl, the ultra-modern young person in Mr. Van Druten's provocative play which is still running at the Criterion Theatre. She is in the front rank of our younger generation of actresses, and in addition to her many stage successes has done some excellent film work



THE ARTIST  
Disgraceful Scene at a Purse  
By H. M. Tatler

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained for





# L BEGGAR by Show of a Crack Pack

Bateman

in the offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra

SUPERB ABDULLA CIGARETTES

*Wild Week-Ends with Abdulla***BONNIE SCOTLAND.**

"I hate to creep on all-fours!" cried Claire,  
 And posed on a crag, with a Chelsea air.  
 "What silly rabbits your deer must be  
 To run from the sight of Charming Me!"

Her stricken Host turned a dusky red—  
 "I'd shoot yon lassie with joy!" he said.  
 "Her clothes," sighed Jamie, "will drive me mad;  
 But those loved Abdullas are far from bad!"

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN



# AT HOME

# AND ABROAD



SOME RECENT PICTURES FROM WIMBLEDON

MISS THELMA CAZALET AND MISS JAMES

MAJOR J. G. RITCHIE

MRS. BENDIX AND MRS. SIMMONDS



IN CANADA: LORD DUNCANNON



AT AIX-LES-BAINS: LADY JAFFRAY

(right) THE DUCE MUSSOLINI IN ROME



The three pictures at the top are of the "other" side of Wimbledon—that is, the not quite so much advertised side, and amongst them is one of considerable interest, that of Major J. G. Ritchie, whose name used to spell championship tennis not so very long ago. He was Covered Courts Singles Champion of France in 1899 and 1902, won the Singles championship of Europe at Ostend in 1900, and later the South of England championship, to say nothing of many other triumphs. He defeated H. L. Doherty, who was previously unbeaten at Queen's in October 1904. Major J. G. Ritchie was born in 1870. Lord Duncannon, who is the son and heir of H.E. the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Bessborough, was snap-shotted during a recent visit to the Banff Springs Hotel when he rode the trails of the Canadian Rockies. Lady Jaffray is the wife of Sir William Jaffray, Bt., whose seat is Skilts, Studley, Warwickshire. Sir William Jaffray's brother, Major H. A. Jaffray, is Joint Master of the Brocklesby. The Duce is a great believer in the saying that the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse, and rides most mornings before starting in to do his daily job of work

## AS IT HAPPENS IN IRELAND



H.E. MRS. McNEILL AND DR. GWYNN AT VICE-REGAL LODGE



LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN AT THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S GARDEN PARTY



ALSO AT VICE-REGAL LODGE: MRS. CECIL HARMSWORTH AND DR. WALTER STARKIE



PLAYING GOLF AT HEADFORT: MAJOR LE ROY BURNHAM AND MRS. CARROLL



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM HICKIE FULL OF OPTIMISM



LADY HEADFORT AND MISS DOROTHY PEARSON ON THE HEADFORT LINKS

Various entertainments are taking place in Dublin to celebrate the bi-centenary of the Royal Dublin Society, whose Horse Show is world-famous. At Vice-Regal Lodge recently T.E. the Governor-General and Mrs. McNeill gave a large garden party, which many notable people attended. Dr. Edward Gwynn, Litt.D., is Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Dr. Starkie, Litt.D., is a Fellow of this distinguished seat of learning, and a great authority on Spanish literature and drama. Mrs. Cecil Harmsworth, a sister-in-law of the late Lord Northcliffe, was born in County Dublin. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are always assured of a warm welcome when they go to Ireland, for during Lord Aberdeen's long term of office as Lord Lieutenant he and his wife made many firm friends in all classes of the community. There was quite a sizeable entry for the Headfort Golf Club annual meeting, for which Lady Headfort presented a challenge cup. Overseas competitors included Major Le Roy Burnham from Sunningdale and Miss Dorothy Pearson, who came on from Portmarnock after playing in the English Ladies Open Championship. Mrs. Carroll is the wife of Mr. H. T. Carroll, the honorary secretary of the Headfort Club. Major-General Sir William Hickie, K.C.B., a Senator of the Irish Free State, lives in County Tipperary, and is President of the South of Ireland area of the British Legion

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin



## AT SANDOWN

MR. AND MRS. ARUNDEL H.  
KEMPTONCOLONEL BURNS-HARTOPP AND  
LADY BEAUMONT

## LAST WEEK

LORD SEFTON (centre) WITH CAPTAIN AND  
MRS. ALASTAIR MACKINTOSH

No one could complain about not having a bit of sun on his or her back at Sandown last week, and it was a pleasant change to go racing in smoking hot weather after the earlier experiences this season. The racing was as good as the weather, and in spite of all the other shows at Wimbledon, Lords, Hendon, Hurlingham, and so forth, there was a good crowd. Mrs. Arundel Kempton is the owner of the famous greyhound, Mick the Miller. Lady Beaumont, who is with a very famous past-Master of the Quorn, is a peeress in her own right. Lord Sefton, who is in the other group, is a captain in the Blues, and succeeded on the death of his father last year



## AT THE ETON AND WINCHESTER MATCH, AGAR'S PLOUGH

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES LYTTTELTON AND CHARLES KAY SHUTTLEWORTH

THE CAPTAINS: J. C. A. ATKINSON CLARKE (Eton)  
AND R. DE W. K. WINLAW (Winchester)

MRS. CECIL HANBURY AND  
J. F. HANBURY

The Eton and Winchester match on Agar's Plough is always regarded, by Etonians anyhow, as a good stripped gallop for the subsequent battle with Harrow, and the fact that Eton managed to win by two wickets in spite of the rather devastating second innings' bombardment of the Winchester bowlers, Lee and Townsend, is not the least satisfactory feature from the Eton point of view. Winlaw, the Winchester captain, played an excellent second innings' 75 which more than made up for the blob in the first knock. Baker, the Eton bowler, was the hero of the day, as in spite of being lame as a dog from a strain bowling, he kept his wicket up and hit the winning run. J. F. Hanbury is another of the Eton bowlers; he got one of the Winchester wickets in their first innings c. and b., and he was not out both times. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyttelton is with her son by her first marriage

# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE boarders were alarmed one night by what sounded like a man running at a tremendous pace in one of the upper rooms. However, as it came from the second-floor front room of the new boarder, nothing was said.

The next night the same running noises were heard; still it was thought best to say nothing. But the third night the noise was different; the man above coming down on the floor with a thump, thump that fairly shook the house. Two men decided to investigate.

"What's the matter up here?" asked one of them, as the door was opened by the new boarder.

"Why," came the answer, between gasps for breath, "I'm taking my medicine."

"Medicine?"

"Yes," replied the new boarder, "it's worse for me than it is for you. The doctor said I must take it two nights running, and then skip the third night."

The post-office assistant had completed some knitting, and a long conversation with a colleague, and then turned negligently to the patient customer.



Photographs by Yevonde  
TWO STUDIES OF MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS AS  
"SALOME" IN THE RECENT GATE THEATRE  
PRODUCTION

Miss Margaret Rawlings, a young actress of much promise, reached high-water mark in her presentation of the central figure in this revival of Oscar Wilde's somewhat unsatisfying play at the Gate Theatre. Miss Rawlings was one of the best individual performances in a somewhat uneven whole

A doctor was summoned to a wild district in the Highlands, and after seeing his patient he said to her husband, "You've been trying to do a bit of doctoring yourself, haven't you?"

"Aye," said the man, "I gave her a wee bit dose of ipecacuanha."

"Well," replied the doctor, "you might as well have given her *aurora borealis*."

"Aye, I ken," said the husband. "I was goin' to try that next."

"What did you want?" she asked.  
"Well," sighed the man, "I came originally for a three-halfpenny stamp, but I think I'd better have an old age pension application form as well."

A woman and her husband were making their first sea voyage, and in the Bay of Biscay a bad storm arose. After some time, the woman, with perfect sincerity, said to her husband.

"Albert, don't you think you ought to go and tell the captain that the waves are coming over the deck?"

The page boy ran all over the lounge, dining-room, and billiard room of the hotel, crying "Mr. Zeddikowsky! Mr. Zeddikowsky!" without arousing any response. At last the boy returned to the clerk's desk and was just upon the point of returning the telegram when a soft voice from a settee in the lounge asked: "What initial, please?"

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed Brown, "How did you get that awful black eye!"

"I got it from a man whose wedding I attended as best man," explained the other, "just because I kissed the bride."

"What a jealous fool!" cried Brown, indignantly, "But it's the custom for the best man to kiss the bride!"

"Yes, I know, but you see this was five years after the wedding."

He was on leave from Equatorial Africa, a part of the earth with a reputation for unhealthiness, and was recounting his experiences to friends in the club.

"There's nothing the matter with the country," he said. "All that it requires is a better type of settler and decent water supply."

"If you come to think of it," said one of the listeners, "those are the only drawbacks to Hades."

Jones was very superstitious, and when the mascot of his car was stolen one day he decided to replace it as soon as he reached the nearest village. The first shop he came to was a small general stores, and he entered it in the hope of their being able to supply him with a new mascot. A small girl was in the shop, and he explained what he wanted.

"A mascot?" echoed the child, who had obviously never heard of such an article.

"Yes; something funny and ugly."

The little girl ran to the door, "Father!" she cried, "you're wanted!"

The retired farmer was not feeling quite the thing and went to consult his doctor, who advised him to keep himself interested by taking up a new vocation.

"Look here," he said, "why don't you cultivate golf?"

"Golf?" said the farmer, "golf ain't cultivatin' . . . it's ploughin'."





The greatness of Elizabeth Arden's latest creation for women lies in its simplicity. Adjustable make-ups!—The more frivolous . . . the more difficult the latest fashion in frocks and colourings . . . the more subtle and intriguing Elizabeth Arden's methods of suiting women to them. • Dresses are slim . . . then be slim! The colours are trying . . . You need not care . . . The solution for every problem which may confront you is to be found in the Elizabeth Arden Salons, for her genius is ever ahead of the game . . . devising fresh beauties, and bringing with the sunshine the hope . . . nay . . . the certainty of beauty to every feminine heart

"ALL SIMPLICITY IS GREAT"

— ELIZABETH ARDEN

"What make-up shall I wear with the smart colour-contrast fashions?" smart women are asking. Miss Arden has devised charming make-up ensembles for the contrast effects that are most prevalent. Here are some of them:

#### First the Tri-Colours

• WITH RED, WHITE AND BLUE . . . it is smart to harmonise your make-up with all three colours. Use a rather dark foundation, Rachel or Mat Foncé powder, dark Amoretta cream rouge to contrast with the white of your costume. Have your lipstick duplicate the colour of the red in your frock and your Eye-Shado repeat the blue of the dress. Black Eyelash Cosmetique is effective

• WITH RED, YELLOW AND BLACK . . . brunettes will remain rather dark-skinned, but avoid sallowness; blondes will choose a make-up with a dash of pink in it. Green Eye-Shado for both blondes and brunettes is most alluring. A lip rouge that matches the red in the costume is suggested

• WITH LIGHT GREEN, RUST AND DARK GREEN . . . a clever, new combination that is particularly charming with a tanned skin—use a dark foundation, a warm tone of rouge, and a lipstick that

echoes the red-orange tone of the rust in your ensemble. Green Eye-Shado and brown Cosmetique are suggested for both brunettes and blondes

#### Then the Bi-Colours

• WITH BLUE AND WHITE . . . BLACK AND WHITE . . . BROWN AND WHITE . . . your make-up accessories must harmonise with the colour nearer your face. If the white area is nearer your face, use a rather dark shade for your powder foundation . . . a warm shade for your rouge, Ardena Powder in Banana or Rachel . . . and a very vivid lipstick, preferably the new indelible "Flame"

• WITH BLUE the predominating colour of the contrast combination, wear a light foundation . . . a light shade of rouge . . . powder with a dash of pink in it, and a bright lipstick. Your Eye-Shado must repeat the blue of the dress. For eyes that are blue try finishing the lashes with light blue Cosmetique tipped with black

• WITH BROWN the principal tone of a bi-colour costume, use Rachel foundation and a rouge that will deepen the brown tone in the skin. The Banana shade of Ardena Powder blends well with brown. Use a bright lipstick . . . "Flame" is

suggested. For the eyes . . . light brown Eye-Shado and green or black Cosmetique

• WITH BLACK, a quite vivid make-up is smart. Blondes with fair skin will keep it so, using a light foundation, Ardena Powder, Light Amoretta Rouge, and a bright lipstick, preferably "Flame." Blue Eye-Shado and black Cosmetique will add interest to the eyes. Brunettes will intensify the olive tint in their skin by using a rather dark foundation, Dark Amoretta Rouge and a bright lipstick. And for the eyes, try this thrilling make-up . . . light brown Eye-Shado over the entire eyelid, green Eye-Shado over the iris of the eye, and black Cosmetique on the lashes

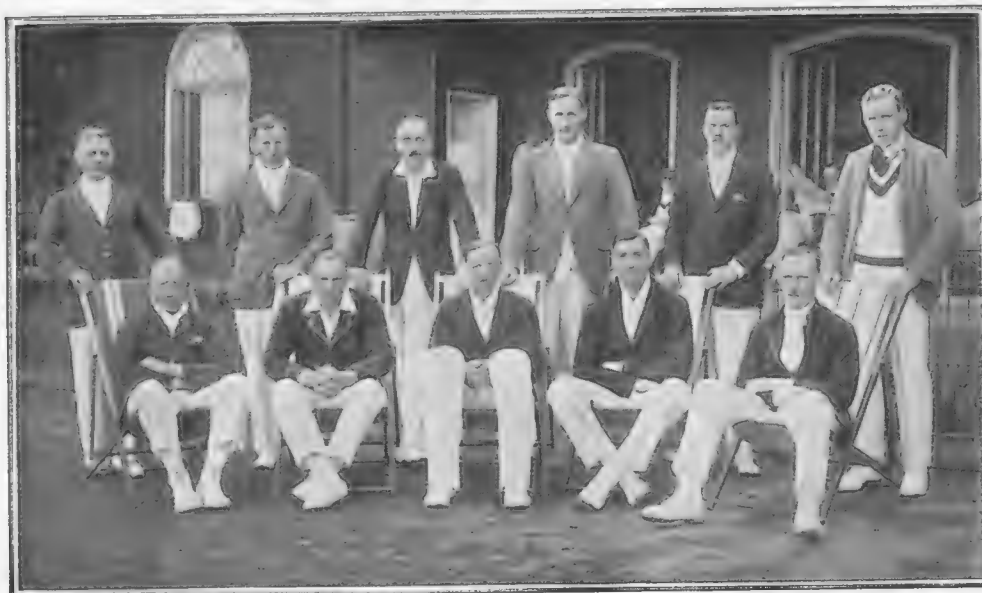
• Miss Arden feels confident that, with these suggestions to guide you, you will be able to create some very interesting make-up ensembles of your own to complement your new clothes

• Elizabeth Arden's Make-Up Creations are on sale at smart shops everywhere at these prices: Amoretta Cream (foundation for a dry skin) 4/6, 8/6. Creme de France (foundation for an average skin) Tube 4/6, Jar 8/6. Lille Lotion (foundation for an oily skin) 6/6, 10/6. Rouge Amoretta, 7/6, 8/6, 15/6. Ardena Powder, 12/6. Lipsticks, 6/-. Cream Eye-Shado, 4/6. Eyelash Cosmetique, 5/6

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# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY TEAM—WOOLWICH

The team which beat the I Z. in the recent match at Woolwich. The names are, left to right: Back row—Captain C. F. Mermagen, D. W. Persse, Captain J. A. Sanger, W. M. Leggatt, Captain J. B. Hyde-Smith, C. E. Godby; front row—Captain R. D. Nightingale, Major A. B. van Straubenzee, Major F. R. R. Brooke (captain), Captain J. A. Sinclair, Captain R. P. Gatehouse. The Royal Artillery won by 7 wickets, their score being: 1st innings 261, 2nd innings 115 for 3; the I Z. got 146 and 226

"MAN never is but always to be blessed" . . . at least, so the much-quoted stave hath it; but we ought to think ourselves extremely lucky that the answer to the Hoover clean sweep is not a "lemon," but a Mellon.

"How Man In Tree Was Arrested" is a recent head-line to the report of someone's hectic adventure. Obviously a case of the inevitability of the homing instinct.

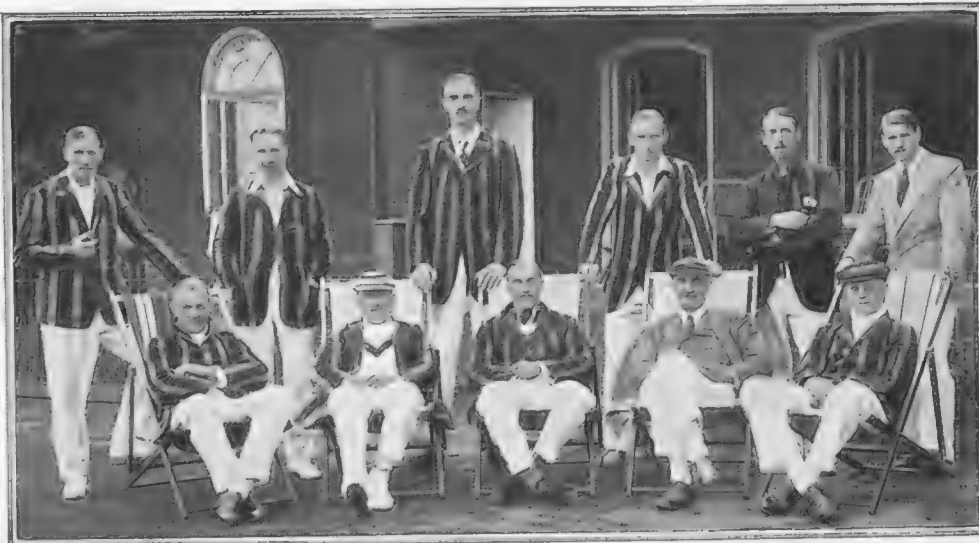
If anyone is looking for a new drink to tickle his jaded palate how would this do: "an Antimollado and a dash of Angora bitters"? This is a verbatim record of a recent direction to a bar-lady.

Some people have all the fun, and it seems as if only in these chilly-silly isles we are they have had in Palermo more or less recently at the trial of the 131 members of the Mafia whose eventual sentences totalled 1,165 years, and who had been found guilty of crimes, including murder, blackmail, assault, and robbery. Of course, in these unromantic islands we should not have undertaken to keep them longer than a liberal fortnight, especially if we had had all the bother the Sicilian police had in catching them. On the credit side they got quite a lot of thrill out of them. First of all they had to put all these toughs in a cage quite unlike our ordinary dock. We do not do that nowadays, even at Whip-snade (our new Zoo), but obviously it was necessary, for I read that when the Beak, or Judge, read out the verdicts the prisoners in the cage gave way to ferocious violence and abuse. They yelled violent imprecations against the court, and the voices of the officials were drowned in the torrent of foul language shouted at the highest pitch, coupled with fearful Mafiosi threats against those who had given evidence against them. At one point one of the

prisoners tore off his heavy boots and hurled them through the bars of the cage—one at the judge and the other at the jury—without, however, reaching his targets. And they are supposed to be No. 1 shots!

We cannot produce anything like this here excepting when we visit the Italian Opera. Perhaps therefore we ought not to take this show in Palermo at its face value. It may only have been the Sicilian way of saying: "I can do it on my sanguinary 'ead, you old blighter!" In Italian opera, even when the hero and heroine are making intense love, they sound as if they were having a blood row. He yells at her, as if he is going to bite her, that he loves her better than his life, the veins in his bull-neck standing out as thick as the thong of a whip, and he sweating as if he were in the hot room at Hammam's, and she screaming back at him "Ses you, Big Boy! And you are a liar just the same!" And then he gives her a bit of back-chat till eventually they both yell in chorus of fifths that they love one another, and he gets as much of his arms round her too ample cor-sage as he can! You then believe that that is okay chief, but devil a bit of it, for on waltzes the villain, a basso profundo who looks as if he had never seen a bit of soap. He does a long recitative which, to me, sounds like the blackest oaths and is understood to say that the hero is not only a man who is mean enough to steal a blind kitten's milk, but also has robbed every church he has been in and that his name is mud with all the wenches. He adds that he is the heroine's Real Baby! This, of course, sets it properly alight. The hero retorts that the villain's mother was one of those known to eat her young, but was too busy when he was whelped, and that that is how he escaped, and the heroine shrieks that both of them are tripe-hounds and that she is off home to tell her big brother, a butcher by trade, about them. I may have got some of this wrong, but it does convey an impression of the cat love-making season to me. Cats are great lovers, but they do kick up more dust about it than most of the animal kingdom. I expect the Mafia are rather like cats when they flirt.

(Continued on p. viii)



I ZINGARI TEAM v. THE R.A., WOOLWICH

The I Z. match v. the Woolwich Gunners was a two-day show. The names in this group are, left to right: Back row—Colonel B. L. Eddis, Captain L. C. R. Sherwood, Major A. F. Perkins, Hon. J. B. Coventry, E. J. Mordaunt, D. N. Nichol; front row—C. J. Round, Captain A. C. Johnston, J. H. P. Beeching (match captain), L. A. F. Weigall, Colonel F. Wilson

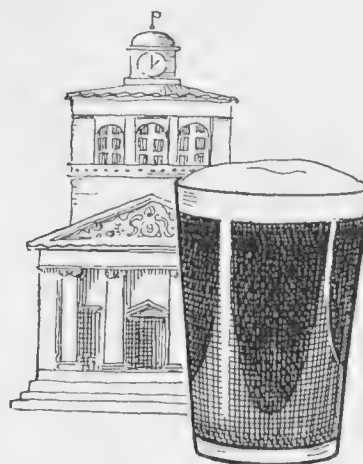




# Second Sight—

(with Apologies to Lewis Carroll's Musical Gardener)

He thought he saw a Guinness glass  
As big as the Town Hall;  
He looked again, and found it was  
A poster on the wall.  
"The one thing I regret," he said,  
"Is that I am so small!"



He thought he saw a Horoscope  
That told his future fate;  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Guinness by his plate.  
"At length I realise," he said,  
"That my good luck is great!"

He thought he saw an open door  
As he lay ill in bed;  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Guinness with its head.  
"Some draughts," he said, "might do me harm,  
This does me good, instead."

# GUINNESS

## IS GOOD FOR YOU

# POLO NOTES

By  
"SERREFILE."

THE final of the Polo Championship won by Merchiston, who beat the holders, The Hurricanes, 6 to 4 (two of the winning goals being penalties, a fact which does not in any way take any of the gilt off the gingerbread), was slow polo. This was no one's fault. The ground was dry and hard on top, but as anyone who does any real gardening knows, you have not got to go very deep before you find how much water there is still left in it by the depressions which every country in this world has sent to the British Isles. By the time the third chukker arrived it had cut up a lot, and the ball was bumping abominably. Because it was a close game it was not necessarily exciting, and in parts it was definitely dull and hanging, but again I blame the weather for two-thirds of anything of this sort. You cannot get much ginger into it if the conditions will not let you. Before passing to a few short notes, here is the run of events:

*Merchiston*.—1, 0, 2, 1, 0, 2, 0=6.

*Hurricanes*.—0, 1, 2, 1, 0, 0, 0=4.

In the semi-final of the Ranelagh Open, Merchiston beat The Hurricanes 4 to 3. The losers had the same team out as they had in the Championship. Merchiston started with Mr. Madlener No. 1; he got turfed out by a baddish fall in the third chukker, and Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby was co-opted. Considering that even with this ex-International Merchiston were 5 goals less value on handicap than their formidable rivals, that Ranelagh win was a very good show and then, as in this Championship, the two people in front went their best because they found that they had such a solid rock behind them in the two rear end units, Captain H. N. Scott-Robson and Mr. H. P. Guinness (both Greys, one past one present). In that Ranelagh Cup final Merchiston again had Major Phipps-Hornby as their No. 1 and again the backs, in my view, were magnificent. The two good forwards went so well because they found the ball coming up to them. It makes a 50 per cent. difference in confidence. In the final of the Championship Merchiston had Mr. Jack Traill as their No. 1, but he was never really comfortable, and after half-way over they took the risk and put him back No. 3 and let Captain J. F. Sanderson lead the attack, with Captain H. N. Scott-Robson his No. 2. I think a fair comment on this



AT RANELAGH: THE BLUES "B" v. PANTHERS

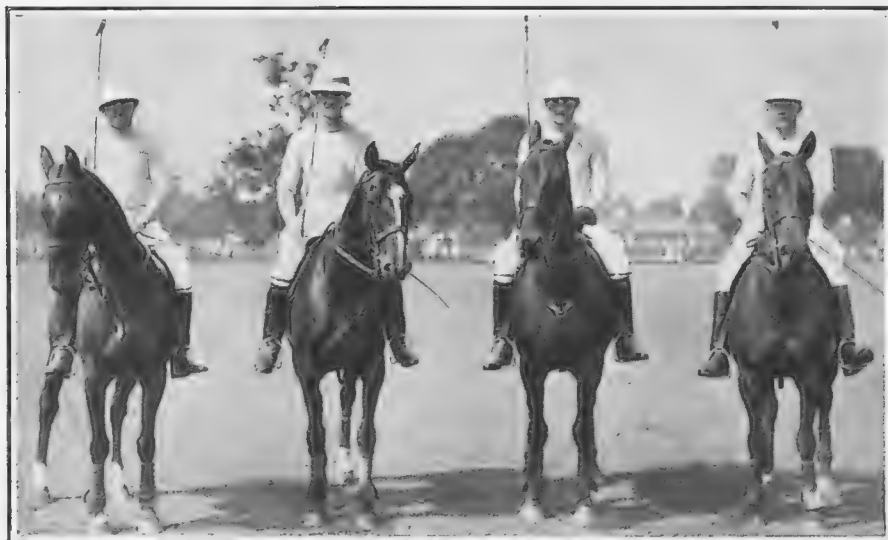
A snap of the tie for the Handicap Challenge Cup, in which the Blues "B" (rec. 6½) were put out by the Panthers' 11 to 9½. The Duke of Norfolk, the Blues No. 1, is on the extreme left, and the Hon. W. W. Astor, the Panthers' No. 1, on the right

Championship game is this, that Merchiston were the better team on the day without any doubt, and a long way the better behind. Mr. Traill was the only one not on his usual game—all the other three were, and neither of the back division put a foot wrong the whole way, especially Mr. Guinness who, I think, has come on tremendously since his expedition to America as the back of our 1930 team. To me the best part of the whole show was watching this beautifully elastic defence; it was a real pleasure to see things work on greased wheels.

But it is not right to miss out one other unit of this good team, Captain J. F. Sanderson. He was always in his place; he knows his job, and I should think may have forgotten more about it than some more advertised people ever knew; he is a first-class "ride," and when the time comes, and I hope that will be soon, to think about finding our 1933 International team, I hope the selectors will have their eyes glued on this forward. He comes from a regimental combination with a fine sporting tradition behind it, the 4/7 Dragoon Guards; he is absolutely the right stamp and, what is even more important, the right age. Mr. Guinness and Captain Sanderson, plus Captain Roark who, as ever, stands out and stood out in this game on the 27th whenever his side would let him, seem to me to be ready-made foundation-stones. It has to be borne in mind, naturally, that we have to look ahead a bit, and that polo-players are not like port but more like champagne. We have got to catch 'em young and play them before treating 'em rough has knocked the bloom off them. Captain Sanderson, as I would like to recall again, was in the International "camp" last year, but was not played often enough to permit most people to get an idea of the stamp of performer which only too obviously he is.

As things boil down from what we have seen so far in a season which we thought was going to be rather deadly and which, where opportunity is concerned, has been extremely unkind, a definite measure of interest has been infused by this Championship and some other Open contests. It is obvious that we have the good nucleus just mentioned—Roark, Sanderson, Guinness. We have the Balding family, we have certainly two people in the Central India Horse, Captain Richard George and Mr. Dalrymple-Hay, and I wonder what we have in the 4th Hussar Subalterns' team, which it has to be remembered is practically the same as the one which won the Subalterns' Tournament in India in 1929 and 1930, against form which, as a rule, is a bit hotter than it is in this country, and played on surfaces which compel them to play the galloping game. We have got to go for young blood. I liked the way this 4th Hussar

(Continued on p. vi)



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TEAM

A picture of this more or less newly-formed team taken at Roehampton, where they won their trial gallop with the Chinchillas 5 to 2. The names, left to right, are: Squadron-Leader W. H. de W. Waller, F/O D. C. J. Miller (attached from 17/21 Lancers), Squadron-Leader F. Fowler, and Group-Captain the Rev. Henry Beauchamp





## COCKTAILS

*as good as the...  
name they bear*

FOR those who appreciate a really good cocktail—and who like to know that they are drinking only the best—the range of Gordon's Shaker Cocktails stands supreme and in a class of its own. These Cocktails are most carefully mixed in the right proportions by Gordon's Experts—with only the very finest ingredients it is possible to obtain—and their strength and subtle flavour is retained to the last drop by the patent replaceable air-tight cap.



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## SHAKER COCKTAILS

TANQUERAY GORDON & COMPANY LIMITED, DISTILLERS, LONDON

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



THE CRAVEN GENTLEMEN

The names, left to right, are: Sitting—T. Crowther, H. B. Dawson, the Rev. C. E. D. Crane (president), J. F. Best, H. P. Shackleton. Standing—R. A. F. James, A. G. Gaunt, E. C. Polter, C. S. Moxon, H. S. Scott, J. W. Lawton, H. Wood, C. B. Atkinson



DURHAM UNIVERSITY

The names, left to right, are: Sitting—W. H. S. Chapman, H. Wadge, R. P. Smith, L. M. N. Richardson, J. A. Harper. Standing—J. Beddows, J. L. Hampson, G. P. Gibson, V. C. Gillis, K. Spedding, T. Beal, D. Weatherley, H. L. Newitt

This match was played at Ilkley, Yorkshire; and was the Craven Gentlemen's first home fixture of the season. Durham University were all out for 127, and then the Craven Gentlemen went in and got 128 for eight wickets

## Audible Warning.

**A**MONGST the new laws under which we are now governed in our goings and comings upon the King's Highway is one to which, so far at all events, the generality of motorists have scarcely paid sufficient attention. This relates to the blowing of the horn. The latter is an obligatory fitting upon all motor-cars, but, mark well, it must not be used except when it is necessary, upon the grounds of safety. Behold here the mark of the cunning lawyer beast, who is allowed to draw up Acts of Parliament to the complete confusion of His Majesty's lieges. A pal o' mine was soaked, what the famous old Savage, Odell, used to call "half a pound," the other day, for and in that he, etc., etc., being upon a public highway, to wit, etc., etc., did naughtily, wilfully, wantonly, and obscenely sound his horn, his car being stationary at the time. And the reason why he did so was simple enough. In the midst of a traffic block a laconic motor-cyclist had come along and leant his machine up against this pal o' mine's glossy front wings, whereby they were conspicuously blemished. A dose of Klaxon was naturally prescribed and duly exhibited—I think this is the correct word—whereupon the motor-cyclist buzzed off on his jig-saw journey between the lorries and the coaches and the buses, and my poor pal was brought face to face with an infuriated (but, doubtless, secretly triumphant) constable. Of course, at that moment the traffic moved on, he was carefully picked out and stopped, and, being alone in the car, he was given no chance of finding any witness to support his defence. This is a truthful pilgrim, but the Beak was not disposed to believe his story, although offered a free show of the mudguard, and the case was over when the policeman swore that the horn had been blown for a full minute. The court swallowed that absurdity without an audible gulp. So, my masters and (ahem) my mistresses, do not allow yourselves to be persuaded that the days of persecution are finished. The law is still as much a "h'ass" as ever, and the courts (in some parts of the country at least) are still heavily infected with the bacillus of motor-phobia. In your use of the horn be not guided by the dictates of common sense, but abide strictly by the letter of the law. As to what this may precisely be, you must consult your attorney. As to myself, I think seriously of fitting up something that will give a wheezy little bleat, just loud enough to comply with

the Roads Traffic Act, and this I shall make a point of never sounding at all. For I am convinced that 99 per cent. of horn-blowing, alike with the same proportion of signalling, is totally unnecessary. I believe it would be a jolly good thing if horns were made entirely illegal, as they are in one or two enlightened states of the Unions on the other side of the ditch. Better than any horn (which is so often interpreted as a command, though at most it is only a warning) is the principle of stop, look, and listen. In his heart every motorist knows that is a fact; but what is he to do when it is so well known that, in the event of an accident, the question will be asked, "Did you sound your horn?" and if he cannot say "Yes" his address thenceforward is somewhere in Queer Street. But I shall feel, in spite of all this, that we are on the way towards the motoring millennium when a taxi-driver (all of which *genus* live and have their being by horn exercise) is pinched and fined for his habitually aggressive aggravation of a trumpery offence (forgive the unwitting pun!).



A "TATLER" FLYING WINNER:  
MR. C. W. RICHARDSON

Mr. Richardson, whose name has already been announced in our "Air Eddies" page, won "The Tatler" Flying Scholarship under our scheme at the Yorkshire Flying Club at Sherburn-in-Elmet, near Leeds

## Supercharging.

**M**y remarks in a recent issue upon the subject of super-charging have brought me a letter from General Metcalfe, head of Lagonda, Ltd. I don't think he really disagrees with my conclusions, which were principally that a blower shows itself at its best when combined with a comparatively low-compression and docile engine. He says, "I agree that blowing in the past has been almost invariably incorrectly applied. The ambition has apparently been to increase the maximum speed without any thought of flexibility. We set our faces against this from the commencement, and in fact only sell the 2-litre Lagonda with one performance guaranteed, that is that it will attain a genuine 70 m.p.h. from a standing start in under 23 sec." Now that is very good, very good indeed; and, as I happen to know, there is no nonsense whatever about it. But what interests me particularly (and of this I have personal knowledge) is that the non-supercharged 2-litre Lagonda will do its 70 m.p.h. too; only, of course, it doesn't get the figures quite so quickly. So here is a case where the super-charger is legitimately used in the interests of acceleration and to promote a performance that is already out of the ordinary, though allied with excellent controllability down to quite low speeds. General Metcalfe is well justified in pointing out that

(Continued on p. xvi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday





*It's as easy to spoil motor oil in the pre-heating as to spoil an omelette in the cooking*

All lubricants have to be heated during manufacture, but the older methods of pre-heating are too fierce, and decrease the vitality of the oil.

Shell Oils are now prepared by a gentle process of reduced pressure PRE-HEATING that is a great advance on old methods and gives Shell oils a most valuable extra margin of lubrication efficiency that prolongs the life of your engine.

**BE UP-TO-DATE**

# SHELL LUBRICATE

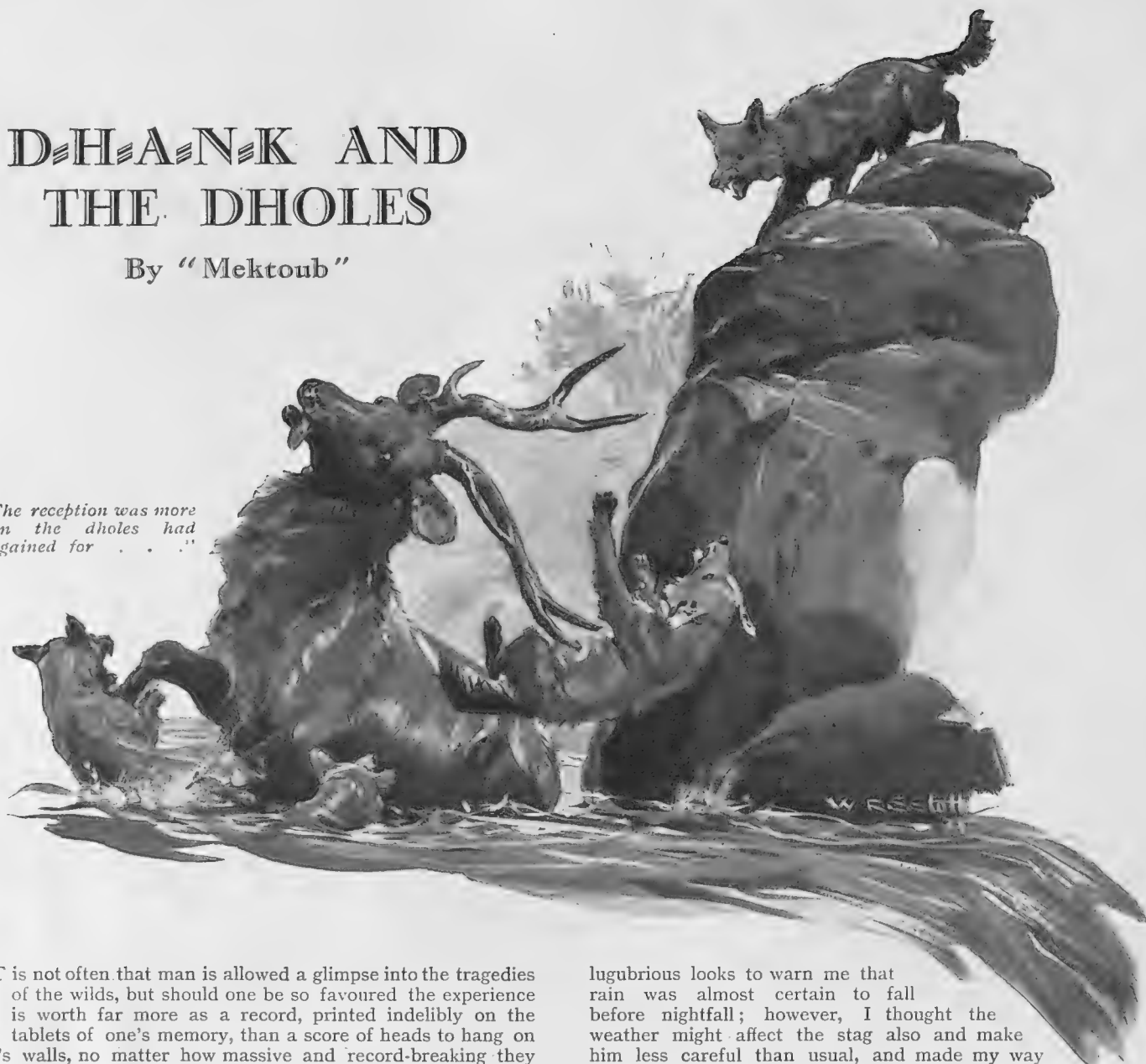
Amongst the many leading car manufacturers who approve Shell lubricating oils are:  
AUSTIN—BENTLEY—FIAT—HILLMAN—HUMBER—MORRIS—M.G.—SUNBEAM

Stuart

# D-H-A-N-K AND THE DHOLES

By "Mektoub"

*"The reception was more than the dholes had bargained for . . ."*



IT is not often that man is allowed a glimpse into the tragedies of the wilds, but should one be so favoured the experience is worth far more as a record, printed indelibly on the tablets of one's memory, than a score of heads to hang on one's walls, no matter how massive and record-breaking they may be.

One summer I was shooting in the Central Indian Hills, my beat being within sight of Chikalda and between the rivers Tapti and Purna. The monsoon was almost due to break, and every day it was a question of how much longer I would chance getting caught in the jungle by those violent storms known as the Chota Bursat that herald its arrival. However I had not got a really good Sambur stag's head, and my shikari, a wild jungly creature, declared that he knew a valley where a fine stag usually lived, so, though it meant breaking camp and going yet farther from the railway, I moved to a place within easy reach of the valley. This valley was but one of a number of lightly wooded glens that ran, like a succession of gigantic steps, down from the lofty uplands to the bed of the Purna River, carrying with them a tributary stream, which, at that time of year, was but a trickle of water passing through shallow pools and entering each glen over waterfalls of varying height.

Our glen was more densely wooded than the others, and though there were fresh footmarks on the ground and antler marks on the bark of the trees I spent some days without seeing the stag, though I once got a glimpse of an antler whose massive proportions gave promise of a magnificent head. However the sky was daily becoming more threatening in appearance, and on the Tuesday as we were going back to camp after another blank day, I had almost made up my mind to give up and make a dash for the railway rather than to stay and endure the discomforts which would come with the break of the rains, but just as we were leaving the valley the stag belled forth his challenge in that "D-h-a-n-k" that gives him his name among the little forest dwellers, so accepting this challenge I swore that I would have one last try on the morrow.

We could smell the rain in the air as we left camp on the Wednesday morning, and it did not need my bearer's

lugubrious looks to warn me that rain was almost certain to fall before nightfall; however, I thought the weather might affect the stag also and make him less careful than usual, and made my way cheerfully towards a sort of natural shelf on the hillside which overlooked the pool above the waterfall admitting the stream to our glen. This waterfall was some fifty or sixty feet high and the pool below it was shallow and filled with sharp, pointed rocks so that anything coming over the fall would be dashed to pieces; at the top of the fall two large rocks jutted out into the stream until they nearly met, damming back the water and making a wide, shallow pool. From our ledge we could see, not only the whole of our glen but most of the two higher ones and the one below.

Once ensconced on the ledge I took out my telescope and proceeded to spy out the country, starting with our own glen and then working upwards. Presently a magnificent Sambur stag appeared on the second skyline above our position about a mile away. Quickly I focussed my glass on him and saw that he was looking back over his shoulder as if afraid of pursuit. For a few seconds it stood still and then began to move swiftly down towards us. In the swift glance that I had at it I noticed that the stag was distressed as if it had come from afar, for its coat lay flat and wet on its flanks. It almost looked as if it were being driven towards us, and while I was still speculating on the cause, a number of small ruddy dots appeared on the hillside in pursuit.

"Wild dog!" exclaimed my shikari, and though I had never seen them before I knew these must be the celebrated red dogs or dholes of the Deccan.

Once or twice the stag made as if to climb out of the valley, but each time it was turned and lumbered hastily back into the bottom of the valley. As the stag approached us its pursuers were gaining fast and I thought that it would be pulled down in the glen above our waterfall; however, with a supreme effort he managed to reach the pool, though the leader of the pack, a wiry old bitch, managed to seize his flank as he plunged into

(Continued on page iv)



# Haig



*no finer whisky goes into any bottle*



A massed attack on the Scottish championship: The brave gathering of competitors at Gullane. The championship was played on the famous No. 1 course

Balman



Miss Jean McCulloch, winner of the Scottish championship for the third time. She beat Miss Doris Park (runner-up for the third successive year) at the 19th hole. Mrs. Percy and Mrs. J. B. Watson were the defeated semi-finalists

## Eve at Golf

By  
ELEANOR E. HELME

### The Scottish Championship

IT seems to me that I have a most reprehensible habit of running off the rails. Here am I, with the most amazing golf to write about—Mrs. J. B. Watson's 76 for the Baby Quaich, her 32 out against the hapless Miss Crawford, Miss Park's wonderful pull out of the fire against Mrs. Percy, Miss McCulloch's win of the Scottish Championship itself, and my first inclination is to start off by talking about the dinner which the Scottish L.G.A. gave to the victorious Scottish International team! Not that I am greedy; what we ate matters little enough,

it was what was said that was the fun. But, let us be stern, and chronological.

The Eglinton Quaich; that was the beginning. With a gloriously still day, Mrs. Watson in irresistible form for her 76—two less than par—but not able even with that to pull Murrayfield to victory, Troon taking first place with Gullane, the holders, two strokes behind. Troon certainly had a sound team, for Mrs. Greenlees and Mrs. Coats each contributed 80 (Mrs. Greenlees came home in 37 to do it), Miss McCulloch 82, and Mrs. Dunsmuir 90.

Not content with one day's scoring, the Scotties have another individual stroke competition—as opposed to club honours—before beginning the Championship itself, and this time Mrs. Coats headed the list with 81, a very sound score, for the day was difficult with wind and rain. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery ran her hard with 82. Everybody else went on taking out cards as soon as they were beaten for the National Playing Fields Cup, with the result that the N.P.F.A. were the richer by over £20, but nobody managed to beat the splendid 80—9=71 which Mrs. van Marle of Inverness did on the Quaich day, so the charming cup goes back with her to Italy, where she lives.

At long last we were launched into the match play stages, and a very devastating experience it was. Miss S. M. Millar was the chief agent of destruction. She beat the holder,

Mrs. Andrew Holm, partly because that young player has been busier with a first small son than with playing golf, and partly because Miss Millar is herself a very good golfer indeed. To show the first win was no fluke, she went on to put out Miss Montgomery, and only lost to Miss Hilda Cameron on the last green, because that International ran down a long putt there.

The young and new players did their bit; Miss Hopwood, fresh to all championships, arrived in the last eight; Miss Nan Baird, who was Girl Champion in 1929, put out Mrs. Greenlees; Miss Tennant, who does not own so much as an L.G.U. handicap, took Miss Doris Park to the last green. But it was Mrs. Watson who played the superlative golf of the week, Miss Doris Park who was next in impressive quality, and Miss Jean McCulloch who is now Scottish champion.

Yet the impression of the first two days was that nobody was safe except Mrs. Watson, in whom faith was unshaken, and when the team and reserves sat down to that memorable dinner on the Wednesday evening, only three of the seven Scottish ex-champions present were still surviving. Of course the *raison d'être* of the dinner was to rejoice over the confusion of the old foe, England, as Miss M. L. Brown put it in the neatest of speeches. Let it be quickly added that nobody enjoyed everything more than the few foes who had the good luck to be present.

Next morning back to business, very stern business, before Mrs. Watson put a grand bunker shot at the 18th on to the green, to beat Miss Cameron—who had been 3 up and 4 to play on her, or Miss Doris Park could defeat Mrs. Burton at the same hole, or Mrs. Percy get the better of some wonderful figures from Mrs. Eckford Wallace, who was a bronze medalist at Gullane in 1908. Only Miss McCulloch had an easy passage against Miss Hopwood. That afternoon Miss Park beat Mrs. Percy at the 18th by producing an "eagle" 3 to a "birdie" 4 at the 15th and a 3 at the 18th, and Miss McCulloch had her third 19th hole win of the championship against Mrs. Watson, who was never up except at the 17th.

Then—next morning—the final, Miss McCulloch placidity itself, Miss Park painfully anxious to add a gold medal to her silver of the past two years, and so entirely failing to do herself justice on the greens. Miss McCulloch had a slip or two as well, but her putting was superb, Miss Park so nervous as to make a tense crowd feel utterly miserable. She fought very bravely, squaring the match with a chip dead at the 17th, but at the 19th she handed the match back to Miss McCulloch. If Miss Park could only evolve a system of striking the short putts which would be nerve-proof, she would be just about the best golfer in Scotland. As it is, one has still to wish her "better luck next time." And to Miss McCulloch "the very heartiest of congratulations."





# Beauty depends far more on the Eyes . . .



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### Treatment for Tired, Lined Eyes

In this treatment the muscles of the eyes are toned and strengthened by soothing massage. Hot bandalettes which contain fine herbs gathered from the East are applied; while these are still moist with special lotion, a new process is applied which penetrates and stimulates with magic healing effect. Expert assistants for this "Special Treatment" are now in daily attendance at 30, Old Bond Street.

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Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.

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# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

All women like simple frocks for the inhabitants of the nursery, and during the warm weather the accepted fabricating mediums are washable. Daniel Neal, Portman Square, W., is responsible for the fadeless Duro-mayd dress on the right, showing a multi-coloured spot design; the skirt is flared, while white frilling trims the collar. To this firm must likewise be given the credit of the brown sandals and socks, and the beach shoes with rubber soles. The group of wool animals may be seen in their salons



Everything for the little people may be seen at the Treasure Cot, 103, Oxford Street, W. There are the loveliest layettes imaginable, as well as cots and cars, and a feature is made of high chairs. It is a veritable Mecca for those in quest of gifts both useful and ornamental. The white frock on the left, stitched with scarlet silk, is an occupant of their salons; the simulated waistcoat and puff sleeves are particularly attractive. The grey velvet rabbit with white vest and red coat is sure to give untold joy to some small personage in the nursery



Models, Treasure Cot and Daniel Neal



Pictures by Blake



*All for Beauty*



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*Nothing gives more lovely bloom than sunshine, when the skin is prepared and protected. With these HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations your skin derives nothing but good from the sun's rays, however prolonged the exposure.*

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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—cont.

## To the Grand Prix by a Gipsy Moth.

Every day men and women become more air minded; Longchamps on the day of the Grand Prix was decidedly cosmopolitan, there being a medley of every known tongue. Flying has brought Paris very near London and the fashionable continental resorts; indeed, many people flew from London that morning and were returning the same evening. Some had arranged parties and had travelled by an Imperial Airways Liner, some had come in small touring planes. I myself, who had not been to the Grand Prix for several years, decided at the last moment that as it was such perfect weather it would be a pleasant expedition to run over for the day, especially as it offered a glorious opportunity of combining business with pleasure. Fashions at the Grand Prix are always of interest, the newest ideas being well represented. I therefore telephoned to Heston Air Park, and ordered a machine stipulating it should be an open one.

## The Call of the Air.

It was in a Gipsy Moth that I left Heston about nine o'clock on Sunday morning with a pilot, whose efficiency could not have failed to give confidence to the most nervous of passengers. When we reached the Sutton hills we found them overhung with a solid bank of cloud; we climbed steadily above them, and emerged into a positive fairyland apparently surrounded with snow mountains. This journey at an altitude of 7,500 ft. at approximately 100 miles an hour is one that I shall never forget; it was as though dreamland had materialized, only it was ten times more beautiful than anything I had ever imagined. In my opinion flying is the perfect mental and physical tonic. Eventually the clouds appeared to melt away beneath us, and far below were seen the green fields of Kent.

## It is so Easy.

Now I realize how simple it is to fly, I shall do so whenever opportunity offers; indeed, I shall create opportunities. Heston and other aerodromes will make all arrangements regarding the 'plane and pilot: all that it is necessary to do is to state the destination. There are machines for various numbers of passengers. Selfridges' Aviation Department—it is in charge of an expert pilot—are always pleased to talk things over with anyone who, shall I say, is in a doubtful mood; they welcome the pleasant task of showing anyone that there is nothing more simple than to travel by air.

## Concerning Luggage.

Luggage is very important; it must above all things be light in weight. During a day trip it is often desirable to change into a more decorative outfit than worn in the 'plane; this may easily be done at Le Bourget. I took with me an Innovation suitcase, like the canvas model portrayed; there was sufficient space for hat, ensemble, shoes, gloves, etc., and, of course, an Elizabeth Arden beauty case.



A FASHIONABLE COAT

Picture by Blake

*That may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is trimmed with fur, and is as appropriate for the closed as the open 'plane. The luggage bears the name of Innovation. There is the waterproof canvas case for the open 'plane, the kit-bag with trays and zyp fastenings for the saloon, and the imposing footstool fitted case for the great liners*

She is now packing for individual clients quite small boxes that contain sufficient preparations for one, two, or three days.

## From Le Bourget to Longchamps.

We arrived at Le Bourget about 11.30, and having passed the Customs we drove to the Ritz, where we had lunch, and

then to Longchamps. President Doumer came just before the great race and left soon afterwards. Shortly after five we reluctantly departed and half-an-hour later we again saw Le Bourget. In a few minutes I had discarded my Grand Prix outfit and donned my thick coat and helmet, and we were once more *en route* for London, arriving at Heston about two and a half hours later. The entire programme was exceptionally well arranged; there was never any *contretemps*. It plainly showed that when the Heston people undertake to do a thing they do it well, attention being given to the smallest detail.

## A Warm Coat and Helmet.

A fact that cannot be too often reiterated is that in a closed machine the same raiment may be worn as in a Rolls-Royce or other motor-car, but in an open one something different is needed. A very warm coat that wraps well over the knees is essential, and a helmet (one of canvas is preferable to one of leather during the summer), earphones, and goggles, and as gloves must be warm, those of wild boar's skin will meet the case admirably. By the way, in an open 'plane lips are inclined to become sore; therefore, before beginning the journey and during it they should be treated with curative lipstick.

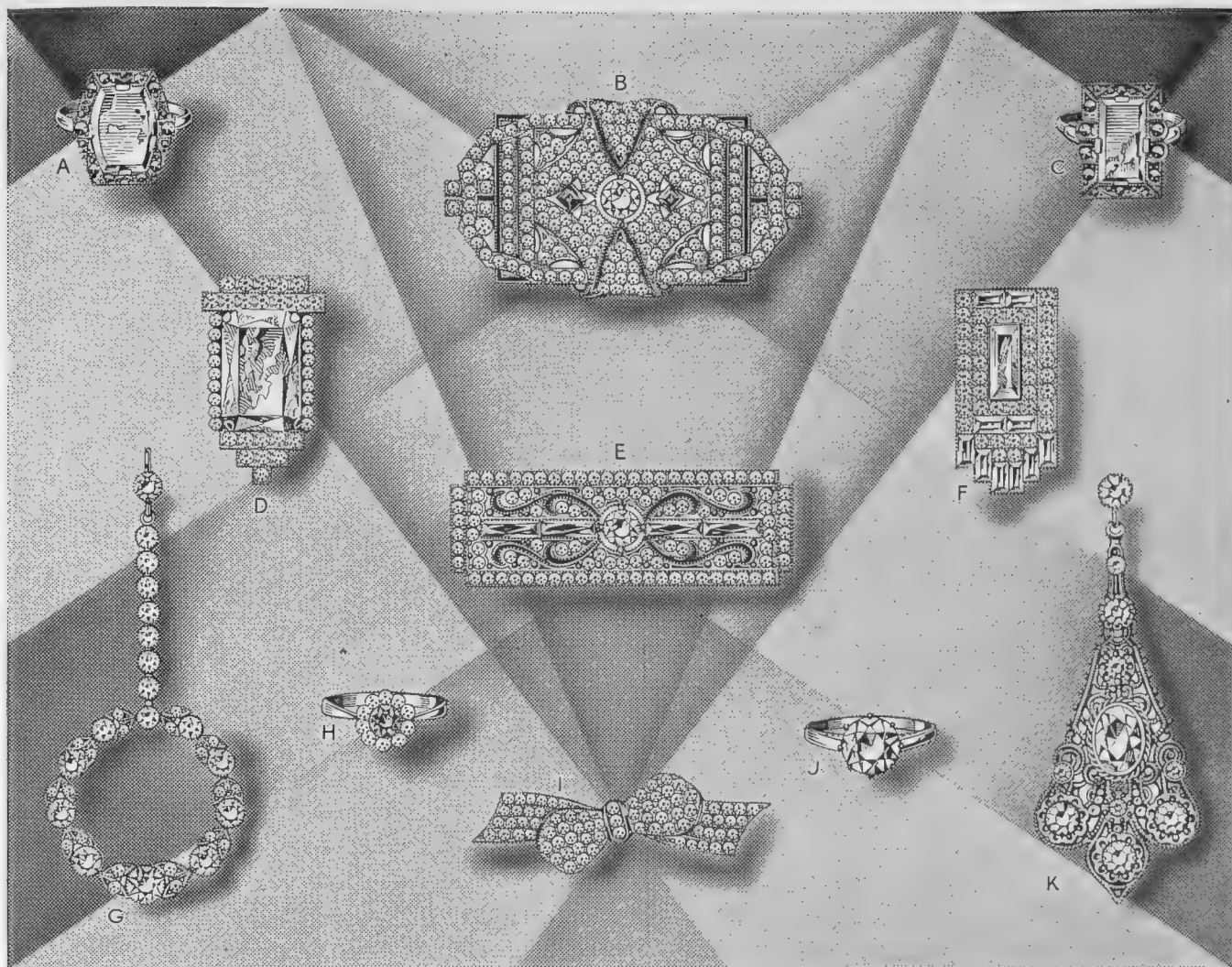
## Fashions at the Grand Prix.

The fashions at Ascot and the Grand Prix were indeed studies in contrast. The short velvet coatees that were worn at Ascot, presumably by those who wished to camouflage the fact that they were wearing evening dresses, were non-existent at Longchamps. There were a limited number of frocks and hats of the 1830 period, but apparently they were worn by those desiring to attract attention or, as some prefer to call them, extremists. A débutante looked very charming in a coal-scuttle bonnet of natural coloured Leghorn festooned with cherry-coloured ribbon and a directoire frock of softly printed chiffon. A new note was struck by the printed chiffon frocks accompanied by bags, shoes, and pochettes of a much darker shade than the colour in the frock. For instance, a white dress with a leaf design of pale forget-me-not blue was

seen in conjunction with accessories of a vivid cornflower blue shade. Undoubtedly the smartest creations were black and white. There were two or three dresses with a miniature black and white check; the fabricating medium was chiffon, while the coats that accompanied them were of black romaine finished with elbow length capes.

M. E. B.





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F Another exclusive Clip Brooch in Burma scientific Diamonds with Coral or Jade centre—1912 10/-. Post free.

G Fashionable Creole Earrings executed entirely in Burma scientific Diamonds—815 10/-. Post free.

H Dainty cluster Ring of Burma scientific Diamonds with Emerald, Ruby or Sapphire centre—gold shank—1285 10/-. Post free.

I Intriguing Bow Brooch set entirely Burma scientific Diamonds—1735 10/-. Post free.

J Selected Burma scientific Diamond, claw-set in solid silver—95 10/-. Post free.

K Perfect reproduction of beautiful Antique Earrings set Burma scientific Diamonds and Crystal—8665 10/-. Post free.

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the care, all the artistry accorded to the rarest diamonds. Yet the cost is but 10/- each. If you cannot call at our salons send for free illustrated catalogue of the latest styles. You can shop by post with perfect confidence.

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## "A Great Friend to me"



**Miss Frances Doble,**  
playing a leading part in "The Old  
Man" at Wyndham's Theatre, writes:—

**I** AM afraid I am rather unlike most actresses, in that I am very seldom, if ever, to be seen on the golf links or the tennis court—or anywhere, in fact, that brings the complete change of surroundings so necessary for the resting of the theatrical mind. This is due to some extent to the fact that sports and pastimes do not particularly commend themselves to me, but chiefly it is due to the great shortage of spare time that there has been in my life during the last few years. Repertory, repertory, and again repertory, and then a strenuous tour or two—these have been my pleasant but rather arduous lot—and these have meant a great strain on my nerves. Phosferine has been, in these few years, a great friend to me, indeed, I have always been able to do my work, I am glad to say, without any undue discomfort, with hardly a day 'off parade'—and to Phosferine

**I feel I owe my especial thanks."**

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Tablets and Liquid.

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the Summer Tonic Laxative. It *tones* as it cleanses!  
Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

*Aldwych*

## D-h-a-n-k and the Dholes

(Continued from p. 80)

the shallow water; however, a backward sweep of the stag's mighty antlers swept the bitch from her hold and cast her, bleeding and broken, to the edge of the water. Before any of the other dogs could seize him the stag plunged through the water to the exit above the waterfall and turned at bay, protected on either side by the tall rocks and with the unclimbable waterfall behind him.

The stag was now in a very strong position, for the water, between two and three feet deep, was of no hindrance to his movements, while the dholes would have to swim if they wished to attack him in the narrow gorge, where they would not be able to come more than three or four at a time. The main body of the pack, which was twenty or more strong, stopped at the water's edge while some of the flankers made their way round the pool and began to climb the rocks; then they boldly entered the water and swam towards him. The stag waited until his enemies reached the entrance to his refuge, then suddenly he charged down on them and for several seconds fought like a demon with both hoofs and horns, every blow of his sharp hoofs braining one of his enemies, while any that passed his feet unscathed were caught on his sharp antlers and cast back, torn and mangled.

This reception was more than the dholes had bargained for, and the survivors made swiftly for the shore, leaving four or five bodies floating in the water behind them. However, while the stag was thus engaged with his enemies in front of him the four dholes from the flanks had succeeded in climbing to the top of rocks above him, and these now launched themselves on to his back. Up reared the stag, dashing his assailants against the rocks and brushing them off; then, turning on them, he chased them to the edge of the waterfall, where their efforts to avoid his antlers were unavailing and one by one they were prodded over the fall to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The pack, directly he turned his back, swarmed again to the attack, and now exhaustion clogged his movements, so though he struck down the leaders with his hoofs several got past his defence and closed with him, so that at last he fell with a mighty splash, dholes clinging to him wherever they could find a mouth-hold.

Now while this fight was taking place the pool was rapidly growing deeper as water, red with earth, came flowing down in increasing volume, and this helped the stag regain his feet, but even as the first peal of thunder accompanied by its vivid streak of lightning announced the break of the monsoon he went down again; however, the torrential rain made his enemies release their hold to gasp for breath, thus enabling him once more to regain his feet. He was now a sorry sight, blood flowing over his coat from numerous gashes, his antlers clotted with gore, while several dead dogs floated beside him.

I heard a dull roar in the distance, and looking up saw the spate come over the waterfall immediately above ours. The stag evidently heard it too and knew what it meant, for he plunged forward towards his ring of foes as if bent on committing suicide, and these heedless of everything but their prey, closed in, but before they could seize him the spate swept into the pool and, carrying them like straws before the flood through the opening between the rocks, dashed them to atoms on the rocks below.

I thought at first that the stag had gone with the dholes, but his dash for the bank had carried him out of the direct rush of the spate, and now I saw his head emerge from the seething water close to the shore, and painfully he tottered out of the water with a dead dhole hanging by clenched teeth from his ruff.

Once safe out of the water he sank down as if dead, and I thought the effort had been too great a strain for his heart. The rain poured down, the earth shook from the thunder and the lightning cut vivid sections through the clouds, and I was just thinking of going to cut off the stag's head when he got up somewhat shakily; then the dhole, sticking to his chest, took his attention, and shaking it off he vented his rage on the body with his mighty antlers, impaling it and pinning it to the damp earth again and again.

Then he drew himself up, and looking proudly round belled forth a resounding "D-h-a-n-k."

"Maro, Sahib, Maro!" (Shoot, sir, shoot!) whispered my shikari anxiously, afraid lest I should lose the stag, but seeing that his wounds were only superficial I allowed him to pass unmolested to his favourite glen, where I hope he has sired many more stags of his stout-hearted breed.



**THE MESPOT DINNER:**  
MAJOR GEORGE PIRIE

The success of the Mesopotamia and Persia Force reunion dinner at the Hotel Victoria was, in the main, due to Major George Pirie, who did all the organizing





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## Polo Notes—continued from p. 76

team went in its tie v. The Blues in the Inter-Regimental. The Household Cavalry are a rapidly improving team, and I do not concur with some criticisms which said that to win against them 9 to 7 told us nothing. I consider that Colonel D. C. Boles (the old 17th back) has done wonders with them, and Lord Erne, their No. 1, is especially promising.

The unexpected item in the Inter-Regimental was the defeat of the Blue Jackets 6 to 5 by the Life Guards, for it looked almost a snip for the sailors. They were off their game, however, and Lord Louis Mountbatten's absence from the team for so long, of course, disorganized things and was a cruel bit of luck. This is said in no derogatory sense to the Life Guards, whose Subalterns' team has gone well this season and made rings round the 3rd Carabiniers in their tie at Ranelagh (10—3), but if all had gone well with the Royal Navy team I am certain they would have gone a lot farther. However, better luck next time.

The Queen's Bays and 4th Hussars semi-final—which was fought out at Hurlingham on the Monday after the Championship—was more one-sided than many of us thought it would be. The Bays, who won 7 to 3, were too strong for this Subalterns' team, which has had very little time to get into shape, as the regiment only got back from India last October. For half-way over the 4th hung on by their eyelids, but in the last chukkers they failed to do more than add one goal. It is, anyway, something to have got into the semi-final against a team which has run-up for the past three years.



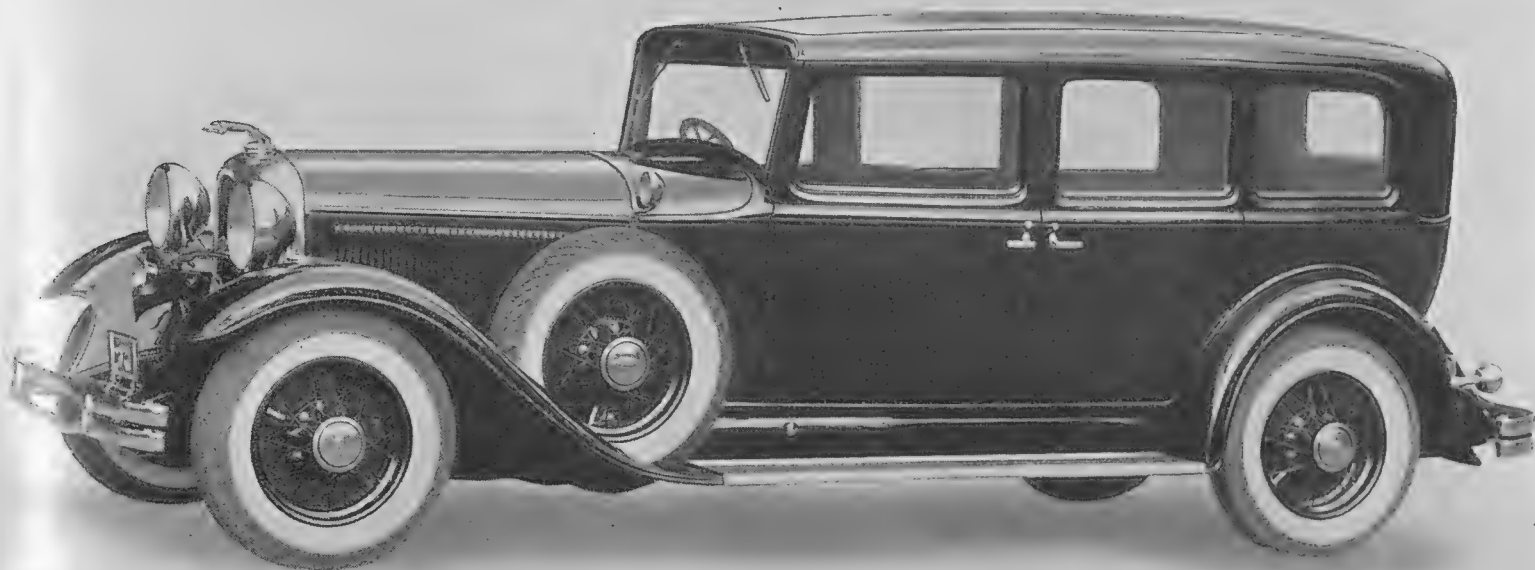
POLO IN VIENNA: THE WINNERS OF THE LIECHTENSTEIN CUP

A recent picture taken after the final of this cup, which was presented by Prince Liechtenstein-Andrassy. In the group are Captain F. Pearce, Mr. Kidston, Baron Eberhard von Oppenheim, the Princess Maritza zu Liechtenstein-Andrassy, and Count L. Karolyi. Post-war polo in Austria is making a good and by no means unsuccessful fight to resuscitate itself, and the Vienna Polo Club is now a thriving institution.

The semi-final between the Royal Artillery and the Life Guards was merely a bit of goal-hitting practice for the Gunner team, as it won by 13 to love, and it must have been as dull an afternoon's amusement for them as it was for those who looked on. The Life Guards, as already recorded, won their match against the Royal Navy when the latter had an off-day, and this led some people to believe that they would make a bit of a fight against the Gunner team, but the winners were far too formidable, and I expect the final between them and the Queen's Bays will have been a real good fight. This has to be written just before the match and no one seems to know which to make favourite. It looks very open. The Gunners won the Inter-Regimental in 1927, beating the 17th/21st Lancers by 7 to 6, and it can be said quite fairly that they had the better of the game all the way. The combined Lancer team was only in front once, and the R.A. certainly owed a lot to the really magnificent defence of its back division, Mr. J. C. Campbell and Captain C. W. Allfrey. In the fifth chukker Mr. Campbell picked one absolutely out of the goal mouth—if he hadn't, that would have put the 17th/21st level. At the end of that chukker the score was Gunners, 7; 17th/21st, 5. In the last chukker the cavalry attack was a caution, and Mr. R. B. B. B. Cooke broke through and hit a goal, making it 7—6, but the defence never faltered and managed to hold the fort till time was played out. The Gunner 1927 team was Mr. (now Captain) B. J. Fowler (1), Captain H. G. Morrison (2), Mr. (now Captain) J. C. Campbell (3), and Captain C. W. Allfrey (back). Of that good team two remain, Captain B. J. Fowler, No. 1, and Captain J. C. Campbell, No. 3. The other two are Mr. H. C. Elton, No. 2, and Mr. R. E. Mews (back). I am inclined to think that this year's team is a better mounted one than the 1927 one, whose victory against definitely superior pony power was therefore all the more creditable. The Bays also look to be a very well-mounted team and are particularly well together. It is exactly the same team as they had last year and in 1929.



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but does anybody else?

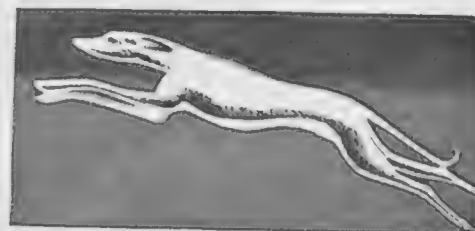


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which, travelling momentarily on either of two gears, you can free-wheel, at the expense merely of raising your toe. A car with really perfect brakes, wonderful steering, suspension that ignores road-surface inequalities. And, finally, a car whose acceleration is truly phenomenal, a car with "sports" performance, but one to travel in which is to realise the meaning of "the lap of luxury." That, in a nutshell, is the New LINCOLN.

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the **LINCOLN**



## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 74

Whilst, of course, we all are terribly 'trigued by the pearls of price (in writing) which fall from the lips of both "Mr. Buckstick" and his girl friend, "Miss Chatterer," which make their daily appearance in some of our higher-brow dailies, do they, I ask, carry things quite as far as they should? Why instead of telling us merely that they "sat next to," or "opposite" some nib, nob or blood, they went on in an even more intimate strain and said: "I thought in My idea that the peas were tinned and the fish tasted of castor-oil, whilst he thought that it was a bad show to have the Bubbly decanted and sloshed out to you out of crystal chalices. I said that I thought the savoury also tasted like a dead mouse on toast, and that it was My opinion and also that of Lady Ginswizz, who is a great friend of Mine that . . ." But I need not continue, I feel sure, because this must give our Society Recorders a rough idea of what it is the public really wants to know.

By the light of recent events ought not the R.S.P.C.A. to add "and S." to its *nom de guerre*?—the "S" to stand for "Scotsmen." Unless the record of the proceedings at the recent meeting fumbles most abominably with the truth, this is what

happened to a native of Caledonia stern and wild; I quote the gentleman's own words as recorded in the eminently respectable columns of a Sunday newspaper :—

Before I knew where I was eight or ten of those hefty fellows, uniformed officials of the R.S.P.C.A., attacked me from behind and practically tore me limb from limb. One official stood on my legs, three others were tearing away at my trunk. Another man had me round my neck. I was thrown out into the vestibule. My head was thrown back.

Quite apart from the fact that it takes a pretty good equilibrist to stand on anyone's legs without falling off, I think it was only fair does that they threw the gentleman's head back to him. Whether it was much use to him after it had been torn off is not stated. We must await the next bulletin. It would be interesting to be told whether any member of the R.S.P.C.A. ever reads poetry. I commend this slightly Bowdlerised epic of the poet Grosvenor to their perusal in case they may never have come across it :—

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy;  
A great big squirt was his favourite toy;  
He caught blue-bottles their legs to pull,  
And he always spoke when his mouth was full.  
The end of it was he was lost to-tally  
And married a girl in the corps de ballet.

The bit about blue-bottles and speaking when your mouth is full may be particularly helpful.



Photograph by Holloway

### A GARDEN PARTY AT CASTLE ASHBY

Castle Ashby is the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton's seat, and in this group are some of those who were at the garden party last week. The names, left to right, are: Miss Mary Bouverie, J.P., of Delapré Abbey, Northants, one of the oldest houses in the county, Lady Northampton, Lady Spencer, Mrs. Wentworth Watson, who owns Rockingham Castle, where Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emanuel live, Mrs. J. Barker, and Mrs. W. G. Renton, the widow of the late Colonel W. G. Renton, once a famous 17th Lancer polo back. Mrs. Renton hunts regularly with the Pytchley



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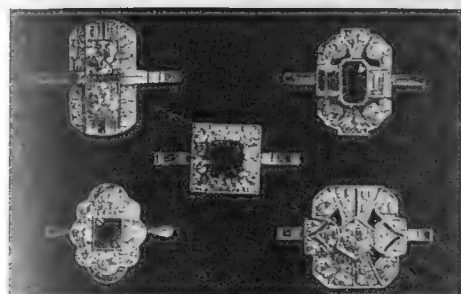


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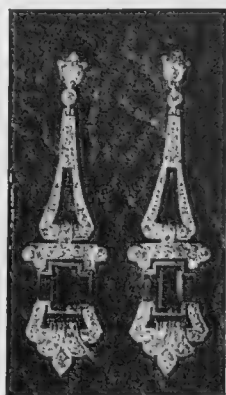
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## In November.

Mr. Thomas Douglas Glover Wilson, who is the eldest son of Professor J. T. Wilson, F.R.S., and Mrs. Wilson of Cambridge, and Miss Hazel Constance Fulton, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Fulton, D.S.O., late the Worcestershire Regiment, and Mrs. Fulton of Northiam, Sussex, have announced their engagement, and the wedding is to take place in November.

## Marrying Shortly.

On July 15, Mr. R. N. H. Moore Stevens and Miss Diana Edwards are being married at St. George's, Hanover Square; on the same day Major Denys Fardell, R.A., marries Miss A. H. M. Bowles at Abingdon, Berks; on July 30, Lieutenant Alwyn Douglas Lennox-Conyngham, R.N., and Margaret Cecil Clear are being married at Lavenham; the day before is the date fixed for the marriage of Lieutenant Alan FitzRoy Campbell, R.N., and Miss Margot Campbell, which is to be at the parish church of St. Mary, Amersham; an August wedding is that arranged between Mr. Ralph C. Huband and Miss Rosemary Corry, which is at Wrotham Church, Kent, on the 5th.

## A September Wedding.

Mr. Richard H. R. Nevill of the Egyptian Government Service, and Old Catton, Norwich, and Miss Mary Agnes Chapman of the Sudan Medical Service, are being married in September.

WEDDINGS  
AND  
ENGAGEMENTS

MISS MARCY STANDISH-BARRY

Who is engaged to Mr. John Myron Booth-Tucker, 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Standish-Barry of Leamlara, Co. Cork, and Mrs. Standish-Barry. Her mother is well known as Miss Neil St. John Montague the clairvoyante and authoress



MRS. COLIN MACNAUGHTAN  
Portrait sketch by J. W. Schofield, R.I., R.B.C.

Who was married to Captain Colin Macnaughtan, the Queen's Bays, on June 17. She was formerly Miss Vere Whitehurst, and is the elder daughter of the late Rev. Baron Whitehurst of Farnborough, Berks, and of Mrs. Gerald Way

## Recently Engaged.

Commander Frederick Rodney Garside, R.N., the son of Captain and Mrs. Garside, The Firs, Cooden, Sussex, and Miss Peggy Ramsay, the daughter of Mr. N. F. Ramsay and the late Mrs. Ramsay of the Grange, Alnmouth, Northumberland; Mr. George Jardine Kidston, 12th Royal Lancers, the only son of the late Mr. R. Logan Kidston and Mrs. D. Williams, and Miss Lydia Cecilia Mason, the elder daughter of the late Major P. G. Mason, D.S.O., 20th Hussars and 3rd Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. P. G. Mason; Mr. Rowland Fitzmaurice Eidington Chute, Royal Tank Corps, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Chute, of Ripley House, Co. Kerry, and Miss May Pilkington, the second daughter of Dr. F. W. Pilkington and the late Mrs. Pilkington of Kings Knoll, Parkstone, Dorset; Mr. Benjamin Rhodes Armitage,

younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Armitage of Noan, Thurles, Co. Tipperary, and Miss Audrey Temple Williams, the daughter of the late Mr. Erl Williams and Mrs. Elkington of Lowney Bay, N.Z.; Dr. Jack L. S. Coulter, only son of Mr. P. A. Coulter, O.B.E., and Mrs. Coulter of Upper Camden Place, Bath, and Miss Mary Elen Griffiths, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Griffiths of 8, Brock Street, Bath, and granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Thomas of Tyla Gwyn, Monmouthshire; Mr. John Henry Tombling of The Schools, Shrewsbury, and Miss Joan Grafton, third daughter of the Rev. Arthur Cattley, of Repton, Dawlish, Devon.



MISS BETTY POWELL

Whose engagement was announced last month to the Hon. John Rosebery Monson, the son of Lord and Lady Monson, is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. Alexander Powell of Chevy Chase, Maryland, U.S.A.

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There was a well-attended meeting of the executive on June 23 presided over by the chairman, Lady Kathleen Pilkington. There were also meetings of the finance committee and the show committee presided over by their respective chairmen, Lady Faudel Phillips and Lady Howe. At these meetings much business was gone through in connection with the Members' Show to be held at Olympia on November 24, also judges were selected for our Open Show next year.

It is surely unnecessary to have to commend the cause of the Royal Veterinary College to our members. We all know that the College is passing through bad times and that it is absolutely necessary to rebuild it. If every dog-breeder and lover would give a small sum the College would soon be in a sound condition; and when one thinks what dog-lovers owe to the veterinary profession, it does not seem much to ask. We have all of us, I am sure, at some time in our lives felt deeply grateful to one of its members for his help in an anxious time. Now is the chance to show our gratitude. Mrs. Trelawny or I will be delighted to receive any subscriptions to this cause.

The Bedlington terrier grows in popularity daily; he is now often seen about the streets—always a good sign. He is one of the most game of the terrier breeds and can hold his own anywhere. He also has all the terrier attractiveness of character. Miss Lawis sends a good picture of three of her prize-winning bitches; the one in the middle, Deckham O'Real, is already a winner of two reserve championships. Miss Lawis will have some puppies for disposal later on.



JAPANESE SPANIELS  
The property of Miss Tovey



CH. DARK DRUMMER  
The property of Mrs. Demaine

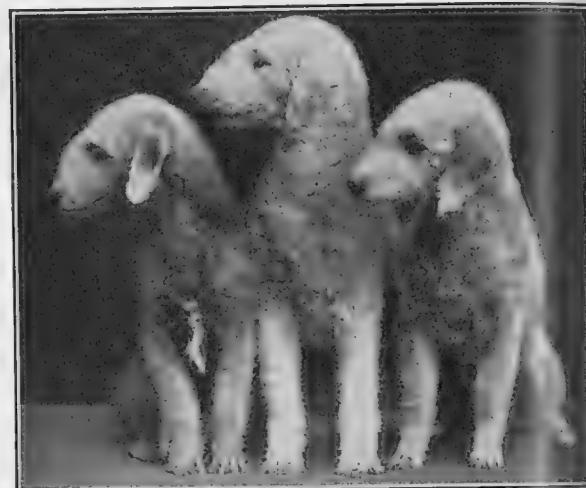
one of those who have helped to bring the pug through adverse times back into prosperity. The picture is of her well-known black dog, champion Dark Drummer, who has for three successive years, 1929, 1930, and 1931, taken the championships and special for best pug in the show at the I.K.C. Show in Dublin.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

The lovely little Japanese spaniel is one of the most dainty and charming of the toy breeds. Miss Tovey is one of its greatest

admirers and sends a picture of one of her dogs and his daughter; the latter, of course, is not fully matured in the photograph. These two took the dog and bitch champion certificates at Crufts this year—unfortunately the dog picked up poison and died soon after. The little bitch has gone on winning, taking the champion certificate and the special for the best Japanese in the show at our Open Show this year. Miss Tovey is particularly pleased at this, as she bred both the grandsire and great-grandsire. Miss Tovey has a young black and white dog for sale cheap, to make room for a coming litter.

Visitors to the recent delightful Victorian Exhibition in Bruton Street must have felt there was a thing missing—before the fire in the drawing-room should have been seated Pug. Chiefly, I suppose, owing to Leech's drawings there is a connection in one's mind between Victorianism and pugs. After having undergone a partial eclipse, pugs have now once again returned to favour. He is very intelligent, affectionate, and a born house dog, also he does not bark which, in these days of flats, is something. Mrs. Demaine is



THREE BEDLINGTONS  
The property of Miss G. Lawis



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## Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling

up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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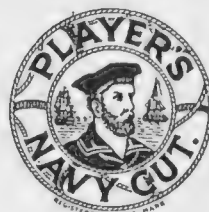
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# PLAYER'S Navy Cut



*"It's the Tobacco that Counts"*

N.C.C.53

**Air Eddies**—continued from p. 56

a good point when he said that the school was really an air university, and that it would pay attention to technical training of the kind that was not obtainable elsewhere.

Group Captain Barton spoke extremely well, and mentioned a case in which a pilot had flown blind from Hamble to Heston and had "come out," or in other words opened the hood, exactly over Heston. It is the blind flying training that will be of particular value at the new school. The hood system of flying for this purpose, which I helped to develop in 1918, is efficient, and permits the real conditions to be exactly simulated. Pilots trained by this system in the War were able to leave Orfordness aerodrome and, with the aid of a special wind-registering system, to come out through unbroken cloud layers exactly over their destination at the other side of England. And to-day cloud flying and all kinds of blind flying are easier than in 1918, because much better instruments have been developed.

Among those at Hamble were Lord Amulree, Air Vice-Marshal Webb-Bowen, Air Vice-Marshal Dowding, and Mr. Handley Page. There was also THE TATLER aeroplane.

\* \* \*

**Atlantic and Other Flights.**

It is the fashion now to sneer at flights over the north Atlantic and to affirm that, now that it has been shown that the feat is possible, no useful purpose is served by repeating it. There is danger, therefore, that Mr. Wiley Post and Mr. Harold Gatty and the Danes, Mr. Helgar Holris and Mr. Otto Hillig, shall not receive the credit they deserve for their Atlantic flights. In two days they made two flights of the north Atlantic successfully, and Mr. Wiley Post and Mr. Harold Gatty established a new speed record for the journey, beating Alcock and Brown the English pioneers.

These Atlantic flights break down the distrust and doubt with which the public surround long-distance aviation and they are therefore of value. They bring into the realm of ordinary affairs journeys which would otherwise ever remain extraordinary.

In the shorter kind of flights the increase of speed is of equal value. In fact it may be laid down as a general rule that the more aeroplanes go about and the faster they go about the better. In the shorter flights Captain Stack and Mr. J. R. Chaplin with their Vickers-Napier have done splendid service. Their recent flight from London to Warsaw and back in a day was perhaps their best. They left Heston at 4.20 a.m. and arrived at Warsaw at 12.30 p.m. They began the return flight at 2.34

and reached Croydon at 9.54. After landing at Croydon they took off again for Heston. The outward journey occupied 8 hours 10 min., and the return journey 7 hours 20 min., giving an average speed for the double trip of 130 m.p.h. The Vickers-Napier machine is the same as that in which Captain Stack flew from London to Constantinople in a day; London to Berlin and back in a day; and London to Copenhagen and back in a day.

The Napier Lion engine, which has been their ally on these trips, is similar to that used in the Air Force. It was fitted to the three Supermarine flying-boats that flew so low over the aerodrome at Hendon during the display, and thereby demonstrated the faith which the R.A.F. places in this engine.

\* \* \*

**King's Cup.**

Surprisingly enough, the new Aero Club regulations for the King's Cup race do not seem to have made much difference to the pilots who have entered. There are many R.A.F. pilots among them, and there are also Miss Winifred Brown and the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce. A win by Mrs. Victor Bruce would be extremely popular, and as her *Bluebird* has a De Havilland Gipsy III engine in it she will have a good chance. It is the only *Bluebird* so far entered with a Gipsy III engine.

\* \* \*

**Air-Signs.**

The London Chamber of Commerce, aided by the air-minded A.A., is pressing for the establishment of air-signs all over the country. Mr. Ivor McClure has produced a memorandum on air-signs which gives the following interesting points: All the signs should, when possible, be placed alongside railway lines so that a pilot who is lost need only strike out for a railway line and, having found one, follow it until he comes to a sign to find his position again. Every sign should be accompanied by a true north arrow twenty feet long with the letter N in the middle. This is a sensible provision, for it not only differentiates the air-sign from the advertisements, but it also helps in the instant orientation of map. With only one thing in the memorandum do I disagree. It says that the air-signs should be readable from 2,000 ft. Why? If the weather is good enough to fly at 2,000 ft., there is no difficulty in finding the way and therefore no need of air-signs.

The winner of "The Tatler" scholarship at The Liverpool and District Aero Club, Hooton Park Aerodrome, Chester, is—Mr. L. G. Nelson, Edenhurst, South Drive, Victoria Park, Liverpool.

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**‘What—ME be a second  
Amy Johnson?’**

**‘Why not? – some of my  
best woman-pilots  
can’t even drive a car!’**

**SAYS CAPTAIN MAX FINDLAY**

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After the first ten minutes’ instruction on a modern NFS aeroplane you’re amazed by the simplicity of flying. Your hands, your feet, are on a set of controls and you **feel** as well as see every movement the pilot makes. In a wonderfully short space you’re imitating his movements instinctively. He lets you do more and more. But always he’s there, watchful, ready, to help you out of any difficulty. Before long you’re in full charge—landing, taking off—flying—by yourself. (People much more timid than you have got to that stage in as little as eight hours!) Then the real fun of flying begins for you. You take your licence—easy tests. After that you can hire an aeroplane from NFS and fly it where you like. There are NFS air parks up and down the country—waiting to welcome you. Come to



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A MORRIS MINOR S.V. SALOON

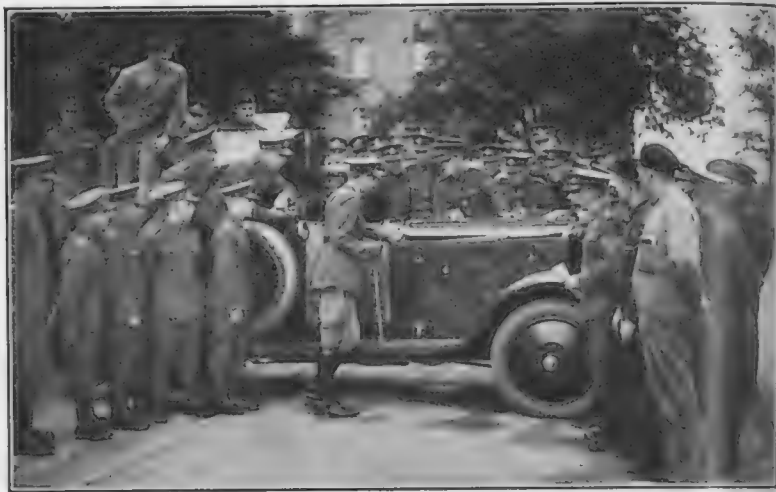
Photographed on the edge of High Low Tarn, one of the beauty spots in the Lake District

### Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 78

the use of a super-charger gives the Lagonda an acceleration up to 70 m.p.h., which is only a couple of seconds slower than that of a famous Continental super-charged car of more than three times the litrage; and that in the matter of slow running on top (with a sure get-away) the English car was streets ahead of the other. I hope to return to this subject at an early date, for it intrigues me. In the meantime I would point out that I am not at all against super-chargers as a principle. When properly applied they are beyond criticism; but alas! in many instances they are not so.

### Free-Wheelery.

I see that yet another American car very well known on this side of the Atlantic has now come out in the form of a new model with a standardized free-wheel. That makes about the tenth, and yet, in spite of the fact that the free-wheel principle is so evidently desirable and so eminently practical, it seems as though none of our people over here will so much as look at it. Well, one day they will find out their grievous mistake, and if they suffer for it all that I can say is that it will serve them jolly well right. For they had their chance long before anyone else, and they bluntly refused to take it. But, mind you, it is not only the car-makers who are stubbornly prejudiced. The other evening, at a golf club, I heard four men discussing free-wheels. They talked such bilge about the thing that I really had to drop my manners and interfere, and I must admit they were very nice about it. But the conspicuous point was that none of these quidnuncs had ever seen or tried any free-wheel car. They just damned the idea out of hand and flattered themselves they were being very clever. Silly asses!



MEN OF THE OXFORD AND BUCKS LIGHT INFANTRY

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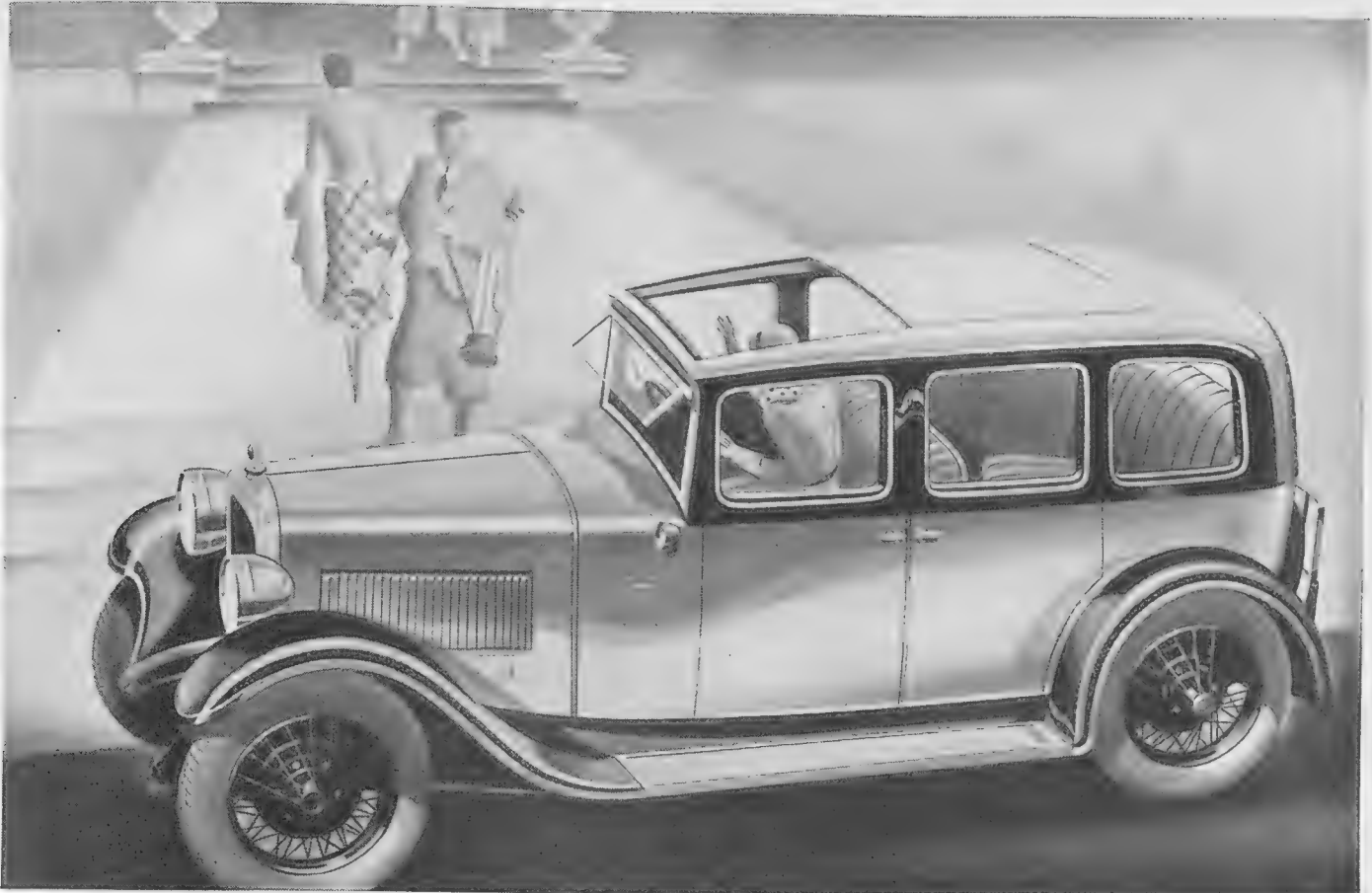
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**“Eight years old . . . yet ‘the old warrior’  
is quite O.K. for another eight years”**

*The Sixteen Burnham Saloon with Sunshine Roof, as illustrated, £345. (At works). With fixed roof*

**£335**

*Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop Tyres. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6-window) £335. Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (4-window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-Seater £310. Twelve (4-cylinder) models from £275. Sunshine Roof £10 extra.*

**\*Owner Report No. 343 ; Engine No. 2976 ; Chassis No. 2PT.1916.**

An Austin owner is always proud of his car. And with his pride is mingled respect. As the years roll by—as the car’s inherent quality, its extraordinary dependability is revealed—his admiration deepens to real affection.

In such manner, after eight years of unflinching service over 200,000 miles, this owner—and the neighbourhood in general—came to dub his Austin Twelve ‘The Old Warrior.’ And surely few names have been more deservedly earned. During this 200,000 miles, with ordinary attention, ordinary neglect,

*the only two replacements have been two timing chains! Bearings, pistons, clutch, brakes and gearbox have not been touched.*

“In fact,” the owner says, “the car requires so little attention that one is apt to neglect it . . . yet it has run week in, week out and never let me down. *It is quite O.K. for another eight years.*”

Motorists who demand the value, the full economy which only a car of lasting dependability and thriftiness can give, will find satisfaction in the Austin Sixteen—a car that will quickly gain your deep admiration, your lasting allegiance.

*\*This is an Austin owner’s experience.*

# AUSTIN

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The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.





"EMILY II" IN THE EAST

Hector MacQuarrie with two Arab desert soldiers outside the fortress at Rookbah Wells, half-way across the Libyan Desert between Damascus and Bagdad. When the photograph was taken "Emily" had just completed a 265-mile journey, which had occupied all morning and half the afternoon

Hector MacQuarrie and Dick Matthews, the New Zealanders who left London on February 23 in their Austin Seven (Emily II) on the second half of the tour round the world, arrived at Quetta, India, on May 16. Many obstacles were encountered during the latter part of the journey owing to abnormal rain storms having washed away roads and bridges, and swollen rivers to such an extent as to make fording a hazardous task. They are now on their way through India bound for Singapore, which they hope to reach towards the end of June. The car has run magnificently throughout the trying journey and, except for a spring leaf which was broken, owing to the car striking a rock in the desert, has had no mechanical troubles whatever. Our photograph, taken during the journey, shows the fortress at Rookbah Wells, half way across the Libyan Desert, between Damascus and Bagdad.

## MOTOR AND AIR NOTES

The Westland Hill Pterodactyl Mark IV is a three-seater cabin aircraft of the tailless type, fitted with a De Havilland Gipsy III engine. The primary object of the design is the attainment of a higher degree of safety, comfort, and performance than is possible with the conventional type of aircraft. The two characteristics of the aeroplane responsible for the advance in safety are firstly, the wing shape and disposition of the control surfaces, and secondly, the excellent forward view which is impossible of attainment in the tractor type. The wings are swept back in plan view, washed out in incidence towards the wing-tip, and set at a small negative dihedral angle. Fore and aft and lateral control is obtained by means of controllers at the wing-tips capable of moving to large negative angles; steering is obtained by the use of single-acting vertical wing-tip rudders used separately; while a powerful air-brake is brought into operation when gliding down to land by operating both rudders simultaneously. The dangerous stall and spin are avoided by the high degree of lateral stability at slow speed inherent in the shape of the wing together with effective controls in all three directions. The ever-growing menace of collision can only be countered in one way, and that is by the provision of a really good view for the pilot; this can only be obtained satisfactorily by removing the engine from its usual place in front of the pilot.



THE WESTLAND HILL PTERODACTYL MARK IV CABIN AIRCRAFT

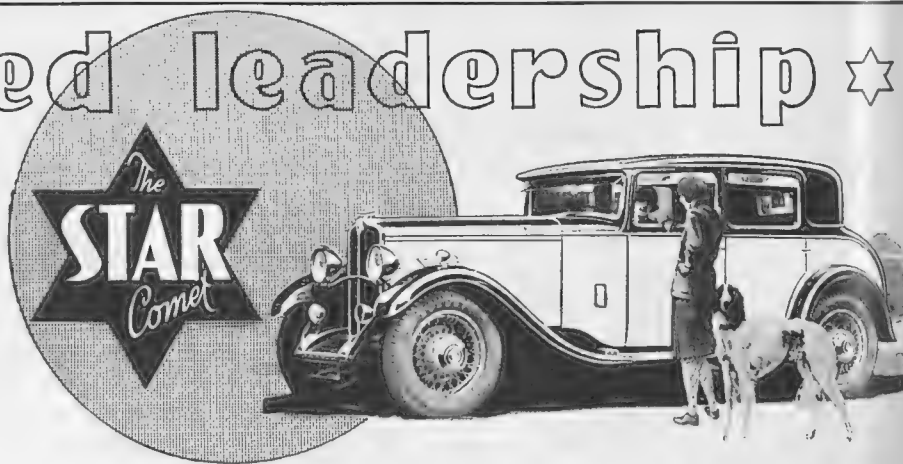
This machine is of particular interest in view of its unorthodox appearance and owing to the fact that the primary object of the design is the attainment of a higher degree of safety, comfort, and performance than is possible with the conventional type of aircraft

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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, need help for three old ladies who live together in a little London flat. They are quite a wonderful trio, bright and active in spite of their years. The youngest is eighty-four! She does the cooking and most of the housework, helped by her next sister who is four years older, and who does sewing and light laundry work to earn a few odd shillings. The eldest is ninety, and quite a character. They worked as dressmakers for many years and did quite well, but they were unable to save anything, for they went through the lean years of the War. They have their old age pensions and an extra 10s. from a benevolent fund, but this is all they have for everything, and at their age it is almost impossible to make both ends meet. We want to give them 5s. a week for one year. £13 is needed.

In order to afford those who are interested in British Columbia an opportunity of seeing the country at an exceptional advantage, from the point of view of business or permanent residence, the Agent-General for British Columbia is arranging, in conjunction with the Canadian Pacific Railway, a six weeks' tour of Canada's Pacific Coast Province, under the personal direction of Mr. W. A. McAdam, the secretary to the Government office in London. Those who are able to participate in this inspectional tour will thus enjoy the advantage of travelling under official Government auspices and of seeing all the principal points of interest in the Province under conditions not available to the ordinary tourist. As arrangements provide for the departure of the party in the Canadian Pacific liner, *Duchess of Richmond*, from Liverpool on July 31, all interested are requested to write immediately to the London office of the British Columbia Government, British Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars of the itinerary. The party will return to Liverpool, arriving September 16. The estimated cost of the tour, including cabin-class accommodation and first-class rail and sleepers, hotel accommodation and meals, inclusive of gratuities except on boat, is £165.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CECIL ROMER AND  
GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD MONTGOMERY-  
MASSINGBERD

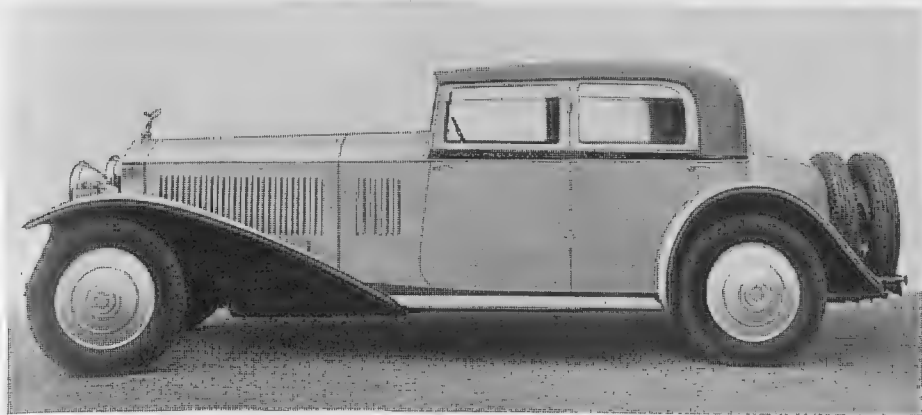
A recent snapshot at Tidworth, the headquarters of the Southern Command, of which Sir Cecil Romer is G.O.C. Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd is Adjutant-General to the Forces and previously had had the Southern Command from 1928 to 1930.

A British invention which has been introduced on the L.M.S. Railway is likely to be adopted by foreign railways throughout the world in the near future. It consists of a new form of ticket which, although it does not vary in size or shape from those previously in use, by aid of an ingenious method of manufacture, carries an advertising message for British products. Made in the form of a thin wallet, the new ticket has a thumb-hole at the top in which the word "Pull" appears. Natural curiosity will lead the traveller to act on this suggestion, when he will withdraw a paste-board slip bearing the advertisement of well-known manufacturers. Machines weighing 7 tons each, in a North London factory, are busy producing these tickets at the rate of 150,000 an hour for the L.M.S. Railway, who will alone distribute 200,000,000 of them in the next twelve months.

Hedges and Butler, Regent Street, have issued their new season's wine list, together with an interesting book on wines; the latter is entitled "Why We Should Drink Wine"; they will be sent gratis and post free. Some very interesting facts are given regarding the wines of various countries and the most famous vintage years. Whisky, brandy, and gin have chapters to themselves.

On Wednesday, July 29, Mr. R. H. Gillespie is presenting a new revue at the Victoria Palace, entitled *The Hour Glass*, with a very strong cast, including Chic York, Rose King, Rebla, Pat and Terry Kendall and Kitty Reidy, etc.





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*Owner's letter, Reference No. 2033*

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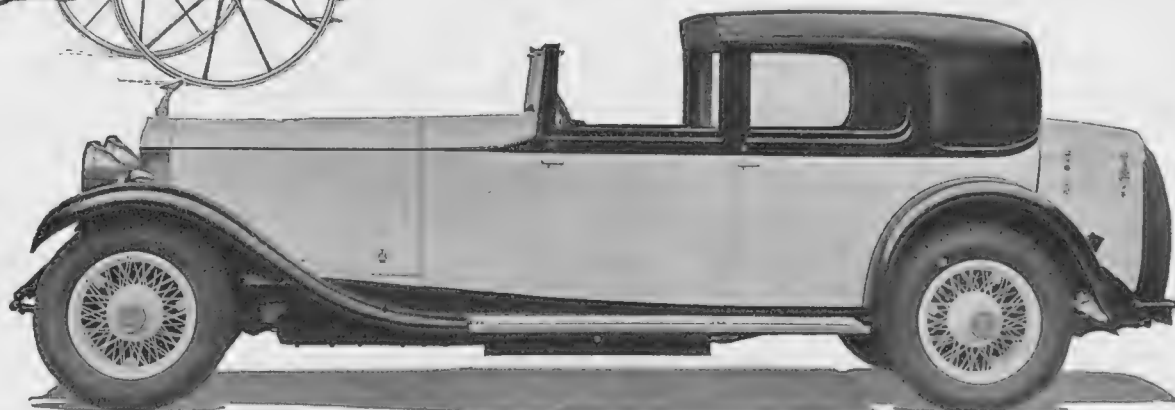
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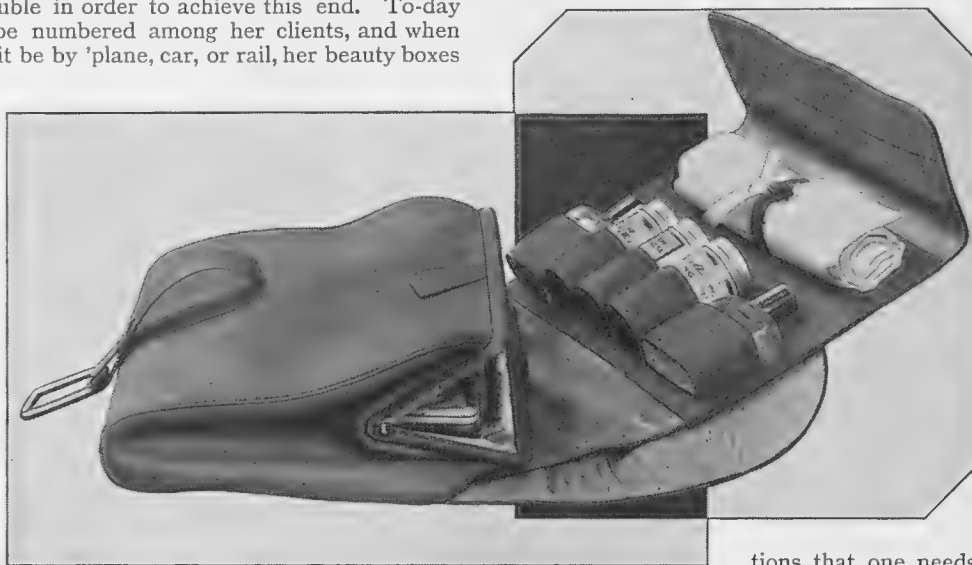
## FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

### Inseparately Dovetailed.

Fashion in dress and fashion in beauty are so inseparately dovetailed that it is essential that a sympathetic study should be made of them. Hygienic exercises, simple natural diet, strict cleanliness, and absence of worry will lay the foundation of health upon which the temple of beauty may be reared. Having seen that all this is in order art may step in to increase the charm of Nature's handiwork. And it is Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, W., who will lead the way.

### Be Honest With Yourself.

Elizabeth Arden has shown women that it is ridiculous to make a secret of the fact that they desire to be beautiful, and that they are willing to devote time and trouble in order to achieve this end. To-day it is regarded as modish to be numbered among her clients, and when travelling, no matter whether it be by 'plane, car, or rail, her beauty boxes are treated with as much if not more respect than the jewel case. Women are quite frank about their contents, and will explain to all and sundry that their looks will suffer if they are unable to remove the ravages wrought by travel with her preparations. Furthermore, she asks women whether they are capable of being honest with themselves, if so they must stand in front of a mirror in a cold north light and study their faces, when they will decide to visit her salons. Before doing so it is advisable to read her brochures. In a simple and straightforward manner some of the work that is accomplished by her treatments and preparations is discussed.



This leather car and aeroplane bag is sponsored by Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street. It is fitted with pockets and mirror, and has a detachable flap, with the preparations that are needed on a journey or for a week-end

### The Ardena Bath.

Although the Ardena Bath is a reducing treatment it is far more than that; it is so relaxing and cleansing that it seems to reach right down to the very roots of the nerves and frees them of tenseness and fatigue. It gives the body new tone, and if there are little aches and pains that come from accumulated poison they pass away. A body massage afterwards completes the feeling of well being. The excellent results are immediately apparent in the face; the skin is flushed with fresh blood, the eyes are cleared and brightened.

### Exercises for Health and Beauty.

Elizabeth draws a comparison between the women of the Orient and the women of Greece; the former are slothful, dull, and heavy with inert minds, while the latter are lithe, graceful, poised, beautiful. It is the Greeks who exercise. Exercises keep every tissue functioning gaily and eagerly, they set the blood dancing like an elixir of Spring in the veins, and they keep the keen lines of youth in the figure. It was because of this that she evolved her course of exercises, and as there are many women who are unable to go to her salons she has arranged a set in the form of records.

### The Car and 'Plane Bag.

Elizabeth Arden's latest creation in the cause of beauty is the leather bag portrayed on this page. It is fitted with pockets and mirror, and it has a detachable flap with the preparations

that one needs on a journey and for a week end; they include cleansing, Velva cream, Lille lotion skin tonic. The great advantage of this bag is that when the journey is accomplished the flap may be removed and there remains a hand-bag.

### MENNEN WEEKLY NEWS



You wouldn't wear 1900 clothes—



Or read by a candle—



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## EVERY MODERN MAN KNOWS THIS

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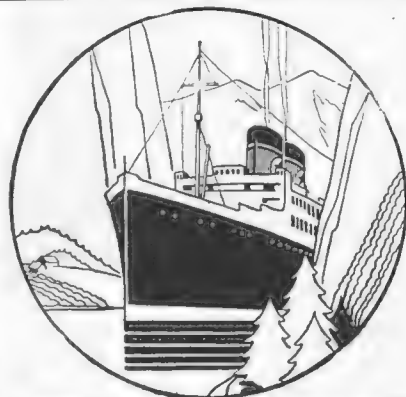
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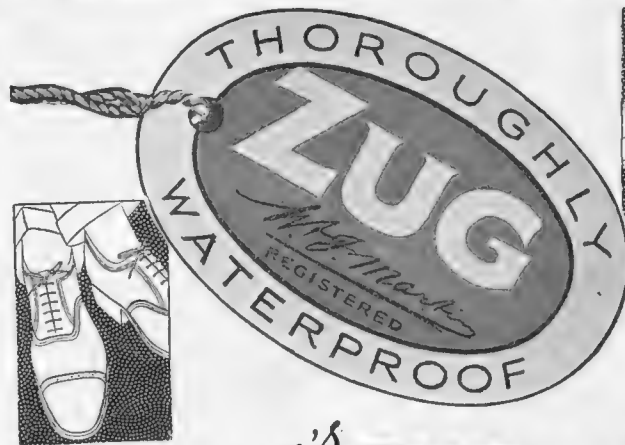
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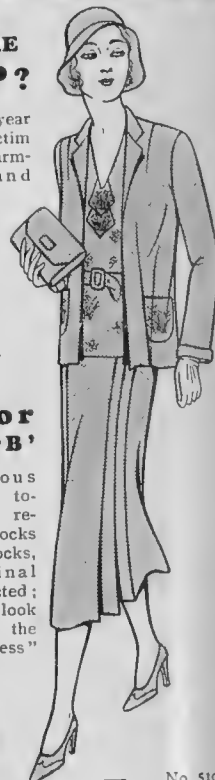
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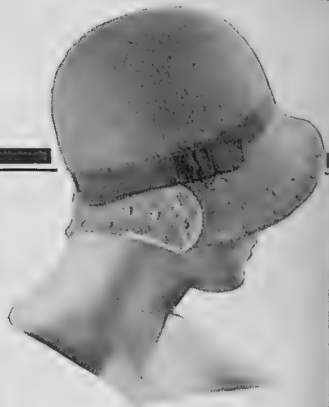
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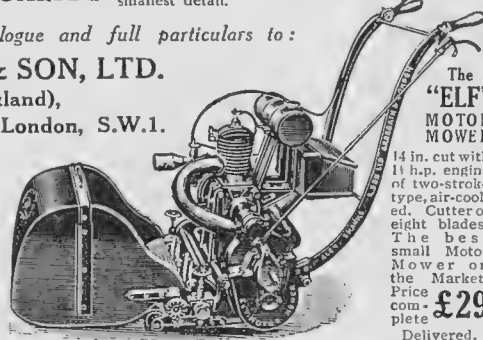
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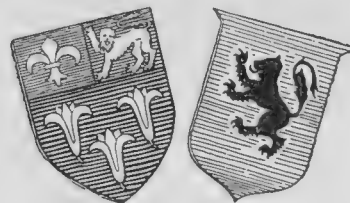
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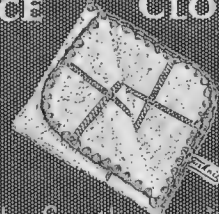
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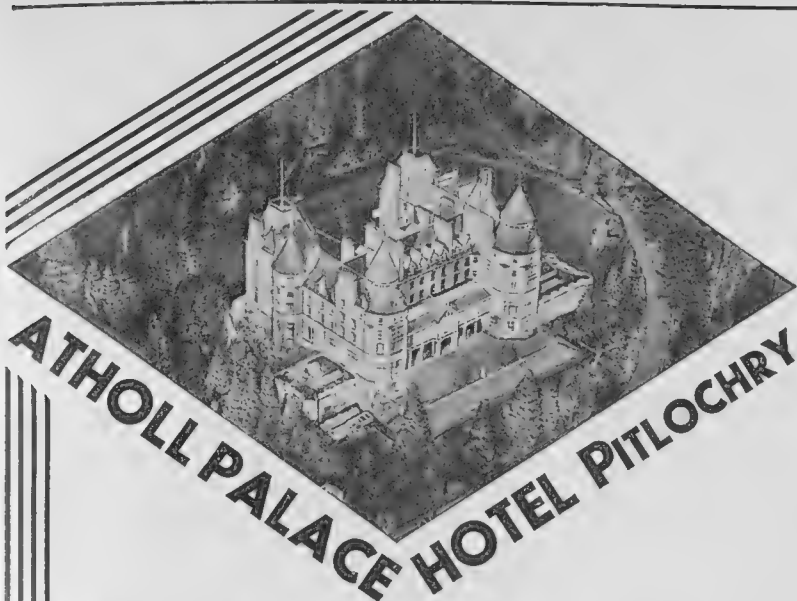
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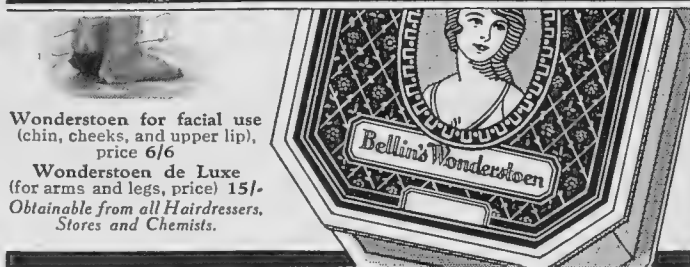
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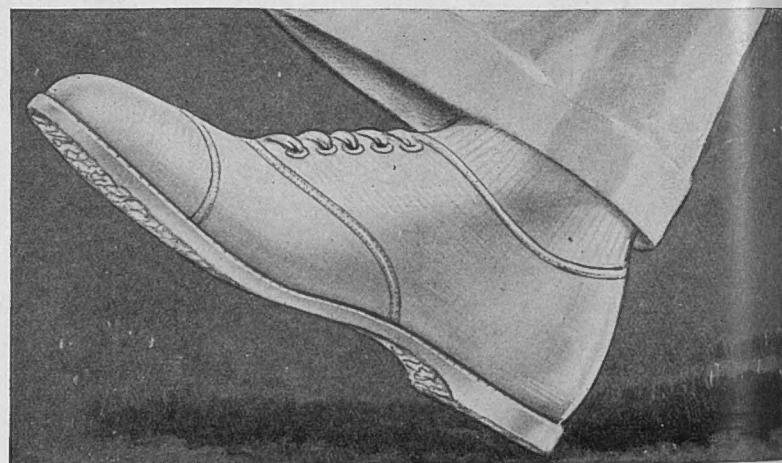


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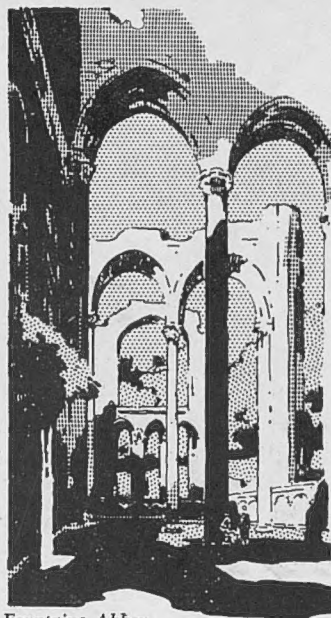
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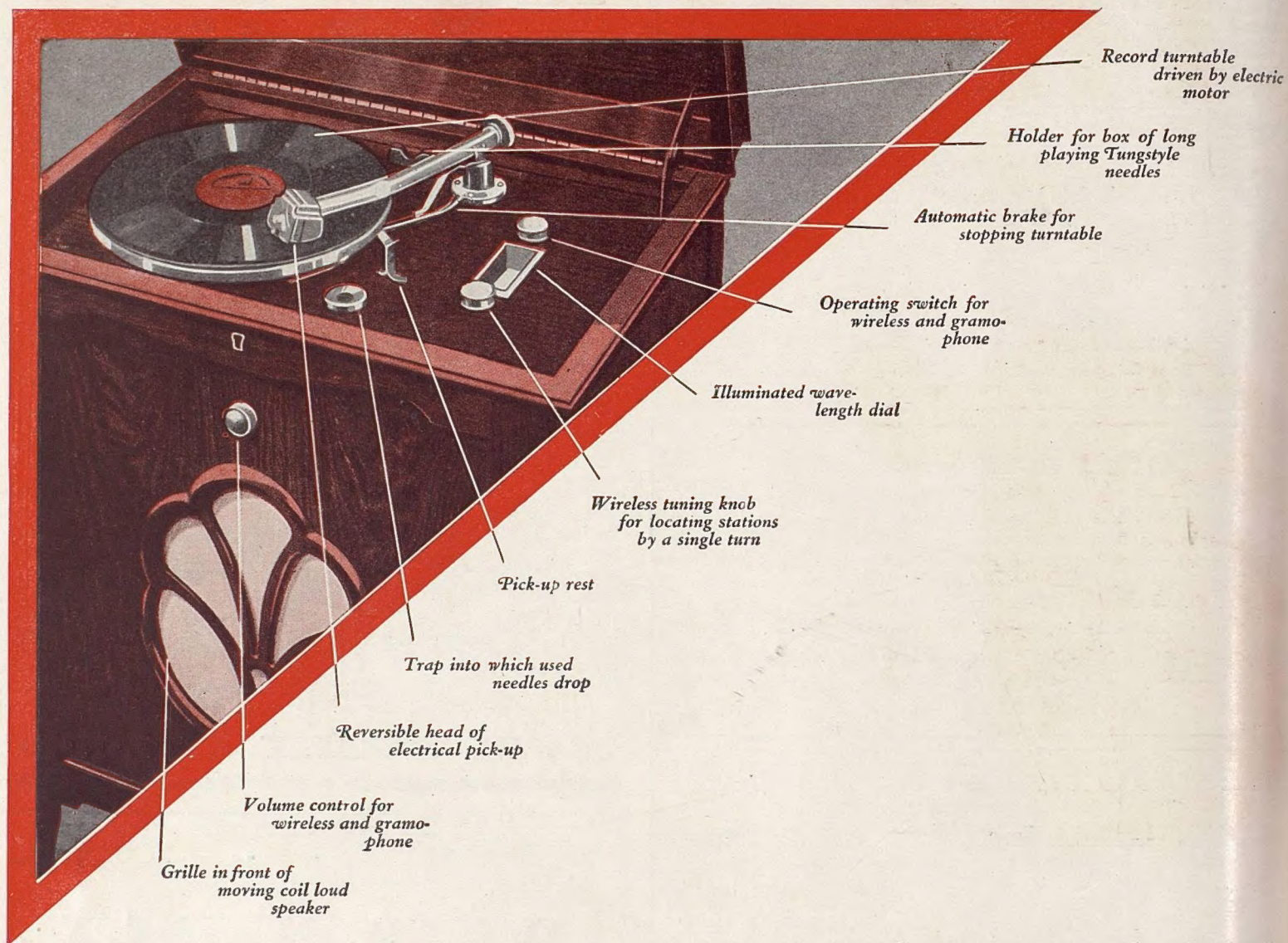
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